LIBRARY OF CONGRESS COPYRIGHT No. 5271 1879

FRANK LESLIE'S

BOYS' AND GIRLS' WEEKLY.

An Illustrated Journal of Amusement, Adventure, and Instruction.

Entered according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1879, by FRANK LESLIE, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.

No. 664.—Vol. XXVI. NEW YORK, JULY 12, 1879. Five Cents a Copy. $2.50 a Year, Postage Free.

The Slave of the Mine; Or, Jack Harkaway in 'Frisco.

By BRACEBRIDGE HEMYNG.

CHAPTER IV.

THE BOX AT THE CALIFORNIA THEATRE.

IT was quite a gala night at the theatre, and every seat was taken.

The prima donna of an English Opera Company which had been delighting the town took a benefit.

Soon after the curtain rose Harkaway, in evening dress, sought the seclusion of Box B, to which he was shown by the usher.

"Any one inside?" asked Jack.

"Only a lady, sir," replied the usher, with a sly smile.

"A lady?"

"Yes, sir."

"Surely there must be some mistake. I expected to meet a gentleman."

"This is Box B," the usher said, opening the door.

Jack entered and bowed to a very pretty young lady, who was no other than Elise Holt.

She had been placed in the box by her husband, who had gone away, telling her that he had a little business to attend to, but would return shortly.

The opera was "Faust," which Elise liked very much, but she did not seem to be paying much attention to Gounod's music.

"I beg your pardon if I am intruding," exclaimed Jack. "I was invited here by a gentleman."

"You are expected, if you are Mr. Harkaway," replied Elise.

"I am that individual."

Elise rose and came hastily to the back of the box.

"Oh, sir," she said, "do not think ill of me. I owe a duty to my husband, and also one to you, though you are a stranger to me."

"Really, madam, I am at a loss to understand you," answered Harkaway, in some perplexity.

"You have an enemy."

"Yes, and a very bitter one."

"I know all. Let me be brief. If I do not make myself understood it is because I am agitated," said Elise. "You are brought here to-night in order to be ruined. Let me beg of you to fly."

Jack smiled.

"Oh, no," he replied. "That is not my way of doing things at all."

"You refuse?"

"Most distinctly. I must see this thing out."

"Then I am powerless to help you," said Elise, with a sigh.

"My dear young lady," exclaimed Jack, "I know I am living in the midst of danger, and you said so much that I have the strongest wish to hear more."

"Every moment is precious."

"Why waste any time, then? You seem to take an interest in me."

"I do, indeed. Oh! what shall I do?" cried Elise.

They were still standing at the back of the box, so that no one could see them, and the crash of the music prevented their voices from being heard.

"Speak! No one ever regretted telling the truth," said Jack; "and I can see by your face that you are too good a young lady to wish to conceal anything you ought to reveal."

Elise suddenly made up her mind.

"I will save you, if possible," she said.

"Listen. I have heard my husband talking to a stranger. My husband is a clerk in a bank; he has committed forgeries to enable him to gamble. These forgeries are held by Mr. Smith, alias Lord Maltravers, who is your enemy."

"Ha!" ejaculated Harkaway.

"You expected to meet Lord Maltravers here this evening," pursued Elise.

"Candidly, you are right."

"He is gone to the Geysers to make terms with Vasquez, the bandit, to kidnap you."

"And then?"

"You are to be shipped to Rio de Janeiro, where for the remainder of your days you will work as a slave in the diamond mines of Brazil."

"But how is all this to be done, my dear girl?" asked Jack, smiling.

"I know not; they have their plans all made up. It is horrible."

"Is that all?"

"No. You love Miss Lena Vanhoosen, in New York?"

"I do."

"Well, my husband will come in presently."

"In here?"

"Yes, in this box, and accuse you of flirting with me. He will raise a disturbance. You are to be arrested. The case will be in all the papers to-morrow, and Miss Vanhoosen will be told that you are unfaithful to your vows."

Jack whistled.

Though Elise spoke quickly, and her story was disconnected in parts, it was, nevertheless, intelligible enough.

His enemy was actively at work.

"I thank you, very much," said he. "I am a thousand times obliged to you. Good-night."

"Good-night. It is not safe for you to stay here."

"No, indeed."

"You will not reveal what I have told you?" pleaded Elise.

"Not for worlds."

"They would kill me if they only knew."

Jack went to the door of the box and was about to depart, when

"HE STOOPED AND PICKED UP THE PISTOL WHICH PEDRO HAD ALLOWED TO DROP FROM HIS HAND. 'YOU DO NOT MEAN THAT YOU WILL TAKE YOUR OWN LIFE?' 'THAT IS PRECISELY WHAT I DO MEAN.'"

he saw Elise's handkerchief lying on the floor. Always gallant, and quite a ladies' man, he stooped and picked it up.

"Your handkerchief, I think," he said; "allow me to return it."

"Thank you!" replied Elise.

He was about to give it to her, when the door of the box opened and Clarence Holt entered.

The latter pretended to be profoundly astonished.

"Elise!" he exclaimed, "who is this man?"

The poor girl, terribly frightened, sank into a seat.

"Answer me!" continued Clarence. "I insist upon it, for it is my right."

Jack stepped up to him.

"You need not continue this farce, sir!" he said, "for you know perfectly well that my name is Harkaway, for you met me at the Cliff House this morning."

"I deny it. I never saw you before in my life, and I want you to be good enough to explain how it is that I find you alone in a private box with my wife?"

"I shall give you no explanation."

"But I will have one," blustered Clarence.

"Ask Lord Maltravers," said Jack.

Clarence stepped back at this shot.

"Subterfuges will not avail you, sir," he replied. "This is my wife's handkerchief you hold in your hand. You are a villain and a trickster!"

"No man shall call me that," cried Jack.

He raised his fist and knocked Clarence down, which was precisely what that pliant tool of Lord Maltravers wanted.

Elise shrieked.

The attention of the whole house was quickly transferred to the occupants of Box 3.

"Help! help!" shouted Clarence.

Two policemen who had been stationed outside now entered and seized Jack.

At the same time a newspaper reporter, who had also been told to be on hand, made his appearance.

"Arrest that man!" said Clarence. "I charge him with assaulting me, because I tried to protect my honor."

"I protest," exclaimed Jack.

The policeman, already heavily bribed, dragged him away to the station-house.

"What is it all about?" asked the reporter.

"I will tell you presently," replied Clarence.

To add to the confusion, Elise had fainted.

CHAPTER V.

VASQUEZ, THE BANDIT.

HARKAWAY was merely taken to the station-house and kept there half an hour.

This was all the indignity he was subjected to.

After this he was discharged, as no one came to make any complaint against him.

All Lord Maltravers wanted was the scene in the theatre, the scandal of which could be made into a very pretty story for the newspapers.

Harkaway's escapade, as it would be called, could be sent to Miss Vanhoosen, and her mind be poisoned by reading how Jack was caught in a box at the theatre with another man's wife.

This was part of his deep-laid plot.

Jack returned to the Palace Hotel, where Mr. Mole and Harvey were awaiting him.

They could not help laughing when they heard how Maltravers had succeeded in tricking him, after all.

"Never mind; there will be no harm done," said the professor. "You can write to Miss Vanhoosen, and your word will go further than anything he can say."

"It isn't what he can say," exclaimed Jack; "it's what the papers will print."

"Hang the papers!" growled Harvey.

"Of course," continued Jack, "Maltravers will send the papers to Lena, and you all know what women think of anything in print."

"It's a dirty, mean trick of Maltravers," said Harvey.

"So it is: but what if he carries out the rest of his programme, as the girl in the box described it, and sends my friend Jack to the Brazils?"

"I should look well as a galley slave," remarked Jack, laughing.

"It is no laughing matter," continued Mr. Mole. "We won't leave him," said Harvey. "He shan't go out alone."

This being settled, they retired to rest.

The morning papers fully realized Jack's expectations, for they contained full and sensational accounts of the disturbance at the California Theatre.

Names were freely given, and the affair aroused the liveliest interest.

In vain Jack wrote letters explanatory of the occurrence. The papers would not insert them, so the lie went forth uncontradicted, and Maltravers was triumphant.

While Jack was chewing the cud of bitter reflection, he received a letter bearing the Calistoga postmark.

It was signed "Anonymous," and stated the following:

"If Mr. Harkaway wishes to meet Lord Maltravers, he can find him at the Geysers, in Northern California. Go to Fossville from Calistoga and you will find fresh instructions awaiting you, with Four-in-Hand Foss."

"Look at this," said Jack, handing the letter to Harvey.

Dick read it and replied:

"Queer! Who the deuce is Four-in-Hand Foss?"

"I'll find out, for I'll start for Calistoga to-day."

Mr. Mole entered at this juncture.

"And what will you go to Calistoga for?" he asked.

Jack read him the letter.

"It's a trap, my dear friend," replied the professor.

"Trap or no trap, I'm going," answered Jack.

He rang the bell and called his black servant, Monday.

"What's in de wind now, sah?" asked Monday.

"Pack up. We are going to start for the North."

That afternoon they crossed the bay in the steamer, and taking the steam-cars, reached Calistoga by nightfall.

In the morning they were surprised to hear that "Four-in-Hand Foss" was waiting outside their hotel.

Harkaway went down-stairs and asked to see Mr. Foss.

He was shown a tall, handsome man, between fifty and sixty years of age, who is well-known to every tourist on the Pacific Slope.

"Well, Mr. Foss," said Jack, after the introduction was effected, "to what am I indebted for the honor of this visit?"

"I heard you had arrived," replied Foss, "and that you intended to visit the Geysers. I own the road over the mountains, and I reckoned I'd drive you myself."

"Much obliged, I'm sure."

"You're welcome."

"Have you any message for me?" inquired Jack.

"You're Harkaway, aren't you?"

"Yes."

"Then I was told to tell you that you would meet the man you are in search of in the hills."

"Is that all?"

"All."

"Who told you?"

"Well," said Foss, "he's a fellow I've met around considerable, and he is called Nappa Bill."

"Nappa Bill!" repeated Jack. "That's the fellow I shot in San Francisco."

"Maybe—he wears one arm in a sling," replied Foss, carelessly.

"Will you breakfast with me?" perused Jack.

"I'll take a cocktail. Fact is, I'm not much on eating to-day."

"Why not? Has anything occurred to take away your appetite, may I ask?"

"I'm in mourning for a five-hundred dollar horse that died of the glanders, yesterday, and it isn't ten to one that I don't spill you out of the coach before I get you up the hill."

Jack invited him into the breakfast-room and introduced him to his companions.

When they had eaten something they got into the stage, which was drawn by six horses.

Foss was the best driver in California, and the way in which he handled a team was quite fascinating to Jack, who could "handle the ribbons" and "tool a pair of tits" as well as the next one.

The distance between Calistoga and Fossville was completed in about twenty-five minutes, the stage rolling about in the most alarming manner.

It was arranged they should stay for lunch, and Mr. Foss indulged in further demonstrations of grief for the fine animal the dollar horse.

That is to say, he drank enough champagne to float an ordinary rowing-boat.

At one o'clock they started to ascend the mountains on their way to the Geysers.

Harkaway was perfectly charmed by the magnificent scenery which he saw on all sides.

So engrossed was he in contemplating the wonders of nature that he did not see a man spring out in the middle of the road.

Nor did he notice half a dozen men form in line behind the stage.

These held blocks of stone in their hands, and when Foss brought his horses to a standstill, they placed the stones behind the wheels to prevent the stage slipping down hill.

They were fully armed with rifles and pistols; knives peeped out of their belts, and their faces wore an air of ferocious determination.

"Halt!" cried the leader.

It was at this command that Foss stopped his horses.

The leader wore his arm in a sling, and Harkaway had no difficulty in recognizing the familiar features of Nappa Bill.

"Throw up your arms," continued the leader.

Jack looked round and saw that they were surrounded.

"What shall we do?" he asked of Foss.

"Get to work," replied Foss.

Mr. Mole appeared very indignant and drew a pistol, which he discharged at Nappa Bill.

The bullet missed the mark, and Bill laughed loudly.

"Put up your iron, you old fool," he said; "we only want Jack Harkaway out of your crowd, and if we don't have him step down and out, right away, there'll be a circus here, with some dead bodies in it, mighty quick."

"Look at here," replied Foss. "I don't want people to think that I'm in this thing. You give me a message to take to Calistoga for you to this gentleman, Mr. Harkaway, and that's all there is in it."

"That is true, Foss; you are as square as they make them."

"Let us go on, then."

"Not till Harkaway gets out."

Harvey now leveled his pistol at Nappa Bill.

"If you wounded," he said; "take that."

As before, the bullet flew wide of the mark.

"Ha, ha!" laughed Nappa Bill; "the ball isn't molded yet that can hit me."

Just then some one fired from behind, and Harvey fell into the stage with a bullet in his shoulder.

"My God, I'm hit!" he cried.

Jack rose up.

"We are overpowered," he exclaimed. "I do not wish my friends to suffer for my sake."

"Good for you!" said Nappa Bill.

Jack deliberately walked over to the man and threw down his pistol.

"This is a civilized State," he said. "You daren't murder me. Let my friends go on, and I will become your prisoner, for I know that there will be such a hue and cry in a day or two that California will be too hot to hold you."

"That's what you say," replied the robber, mockingly.

Harkaway folded his arms and stood his ground.

"Drive on, Foss," said the robber.

"Who the deuce are you, anyway?" asked Four-in-Hand Foss.

"Do you want to know, particularly?"

"If I didn't I shouldn't ask."

The robber drew himself up proudly to his full height.

"I am Vasquez, the bandit," he cried.

Foss indulged in a prolonged whistle.

"Je-rusalem!" he said, jerking his horses. "Git up thar. That settles it. I didn't count on meeting with Vasquez."

"No hard feelings, old man," cried Vasquez, who had concealed his identity under the name of Nappa Bill.

"Not at all, pard. So long."

The horses started, and the stage went on up the hill.

Harkaway was in the custody of Vasquez and his men, while Mr. Mole, half frightened to death, and Harvey, dangerously wounded, were slowly carried away, it not being in the power of Foss to prevent this consummation.

Jack turned smilingly to his captor, and said:

"Now, Mr. Vasquez, if that is your name, what are you going to do with me?"

"My dear sir," replied Vasquez, the celebrated bandit, about whose crimes the whole of California was excited, "I will allow some one else to answer that question."

A man stepped forward.

He had been concealed in the bush hitherto, but directly Jack saw him he recognized Lord Maltravers.

"Mr. Harkaway," said Maltravers, "you have kindly fallen into the little trap I laid for you. It is with great pleasure that I meet you again, and I shall now send you on a trip which will take you to South America."

Jack turned pale.

He saw how foolish he had been to despise the power of his lordship.

"What mean you?" he asked.

"Simply that you are on your way to the diamond mines of Brazil."

"You cannot be in earnest!"

"Never more so in my life, I assure you."

"Villain!"

Lord Maltravers twirled his mustache.

"Yes," he replied, complacently, "I am all that the word implies."

"But——"

"I cannot waste time in talking to you. Pray excuse me," interrupted Maltravers.

Vasquez, the bandit, took hold of Jack's arm and led him away.

Six men with pistols leveled followed on each side.

Escape was impossible.

Lower down in the road a stage was in waiting, and it conveyed the party in two days to the coast.

Jack was put on board a sailing vessel.

The captain was named Moreland.

"You have your orders?" said Vasquez to Moreland.

"Yes," replied the captain; "my instructions are in writing."

"See that they are fulfilled to the letter."

"I will."

Vasquez left the ship, and Harkaway was confined in the captain's cabin, where he could amuse himself with books and papers.

The captain was named Moreland.

The vessel had not been two hours at sea before he requested his presence in his cabin.

Jack was not in an enviable position, nor was he in an amiable frame of mind, but he felt that he was in the captain's power, and it would be advisable for him to treat him with civility.

The colored steward placed a couple of bottles with glasses on the table, as well as a box of cigars, and retired.

"Be seated," said the captain. "You smoke, I presume?"

"Yes," replied Jack.

"Help yourself," continued Moreland, pushing the box of cigars over to him. "The wine is port and sherry; which do you prefer?"

Jack liked sherry, and they pledged one another.

He now had a good opportunity of looking at Moreland, who was a spare, short man, with red hair, whiskers and small, twinkling eyes, which appeared to have a treacherous expression.

"I wish to have you as my friend and companion during our voyage," began Moreland.

"Nothing would give me greater pleasure," replied Jack.

"Of course I need not conceal anything from you?"

"It is useless."

"Well, I admit that I have been paid handsomely by Vasquez, the bandit, to convey you to Rio. He, I believe, was employed by some enemy of yours."

"Precisely. I know all that."

"I shall enjoy your society during the voyage, for I see you are an educated gentleman, and your companionship cannot fail to be agreeable."

"Thank you for the compliment," exclaimed Jack, who could not help thinking that there was something lurking behind this extraordinary civility.

"When you arrive at Rio our intimacy ceases, for I shall discharge cargo, take in another of bags of coffee, and return to 'Frisco."

"Am I to be set free then?"

"Certainly," answered Moreland.

"I cannot understand that."

"It is simple enough. Your enemy wishes to get you out of the way for a time. That is all."

"I heard," said Jack, "that I was, in some mysterious way, to be sent as a slave to the diamond mines."

"Not by me, at all events," laughed the captain.

"Are you sure?"

"Perfectly. My instructions are simply to land you at Rio, and there will end my duty as regards you."

Jack could not make this out.

He was forced, however, to be content with the assurance given him by Captain Moreland, and there the conversation ended.

There were plenty of books in the cabin. He messed with Moreland. Everything he wanted was placed at his service, and he really had a very pleasant voyage round Cape Horn.

The captain succeeded in thoroughly gaining his confidence, and he soon voted him an excellent fellow, from whom he would be sorry to part when the time came.

At length Rio was reached, and as Jack was almost without money, Moreland volunteered to advance him some for current expenses, taking in return a sight draft on his agent in San Francisco.

When the ship swung into the dock, and the bills of lading had been given to the consignees, Moreland invited Jack to dine with him.

"I know the city," he remarked, "and can take you to a good place."

Jack accepted the invitation, and they walked out together.

As they quitted the ship, the captain slipped something into Harkaway's pocket, without the action being perceived.

They walked to the restaurant indicated by Moreland, and Jack's suspicions returned as he saw it was in a low part of the town.

What was his professed friend's object in steering him toward the slums, as he was evidently doing?

"Not a very savory neighborhood, this," he ventured to observe.

"No, but you will be amply compensated, my friend, by the cooking, at the little hotel we are in search of."

"Oh, I comprehend," said Jack. "I am prepared to sacrifice a great deal for artistic cooking."

They soon reached a dingy-looking inn, where the waiters and landlord nodded familiarly to the captain, as if he was an old customer.

The room into which they were ushered was dark and dirty, the table-cloths uninviting, and directly Jack saw the place he had an admonition of coming evil.

"Really," he remarked, "this is as bad as Zola's *Assommoir*. I can't congratulate you on your taste."

"Wait a while," responded Moreland. "Landlord, a bottle of wine, and the best dinner you can get ready."

"Si, signor," replied the proprietor, who was a swarthy, thick-set, beetle-browed Spaniard.

The wine was produced, and seemed to Jack to have a peculiar flavor.

Being thirsty, he drank heartily of it, while Moreland contented himself with sipping it.

"You don't drink?" observed Harkaway.

"Excuse me, I rarely do before eating; it takes away my appetite."

A dizziness began to attack Jack, and a soft, sensuous, dreamy feeling stole over him.

What could it mean?

Had he been brought into the place by his kind friend, the captain, to be drugged and betrayed into some carefully-set trap?

Indeed, it looked like it.

"What is the time?" said the captain.

"I have no watch," replied Jack. "Vasquez kindly relieved me of that trifle in the Nappa Valley."

"I had mine when I left the ship," continued Moreland, "and I have been with no one but you."

"What do you mean by that?" asked Jack.

It appeared as if there was some latent accusation in this remark.

"Oh, nothing," answered the captain. "I have to report to the American Consul at three, and it is necessary that I should know the time."

He began to search in all his pockets.

Jack watched him with an abstracted air, while his stupor increased; and it seemed all the time as if it was too much trouble for him to speak.

"Very odd where that watch of mine is gone to," continued Moreland.

"Very," ejaculated Harkaway.

"Are you sure you have not taken it?"

"I!"

Jack was dumbfounded with astonishment, and could only stare at Moreland.

"I must have this investigated," said the latter.

"Waiter!"

"Signor!"

"Call an officer—quick!"

Jack was like one in a dream.

He could not believe that what he heard was real.

Some insidious drug had been mixed with the wine, and like the opium-eater, he was seeing and hearing things that did not exist.

Presently the waiter returned with a policeman.

"Who wants me?" he inquired.

"I do. Arrest and search that man. I accuse him of stealing my watch."

He pointed to Harkaway, whom the officer approached.

Jack endeavored to rise and strike his false friend, but he seemed to have lost all power over his limbs.

Obscured as his intellect was, however, by the drugged wine, he saw that he was the victim of an infamous plot, the depth of which, as yet, he could scarcely gauge.

Moreland had won his confidence to prevent his making a charge of abduction against him on their arrival in Rio.

That was clear enough.

What was to follow remained for coming events to develop.

The officer began to search Jack, who laughed in a half imbecile manner, as if it was a good joke, and made no resistance.

In his coat pocket were found a watch and chain.

"Is that yours?" asked the officer, holding it up.

"Yes. I will swear to it. Besides, my name is on the case. It was a present to me. Oh! the ingratitude of some people!"

"Shall I arrest the thief?"

"Yes; lock him up. I will follow and make the complaint."

Jack was dragged rudely from the room to the police court, which was not far off.

Captain Moreland hastily settled the bill and followed his victim.

A magistrate was sitting on the bench, and Jack soon had a specimen of how swiftly justice is administered in Brazil.

Moreland told his story, stating how he had given the prisoner a passage from San Francisco, and how he had returned his kindness by stealing his watch, while under the influence of liquor.

"He is drunk now," he added, "or perhaps he would not have done it."

"Do you press the charge?" asked the court.

"It is my duty to society to do so."

Turning to the prisoner, the court asked him if he had anything to say.

Jack was more and more under the influence of the drug, whose effects made themselves felt in a greater degree every minute.

He thought he was dreaming, and continued to laugh at what he thought was an excellent joke.

"No," he replied.

"I shall sentence you to five years' hard labor in the mines!" exclaimed the magistrate.

"That's all right," replied Jack; "I knew that was coming."

He laughed louder than ever.

The jailer took him to a cell and locked him up. He soon fell into a profound slumber, from which he did not awake until the following morning.

Captain Moreland was perfectly satisfied, for he fulfilled his contract with his employer to the letter.

There was no chance of his victim's being pardoned, and little of his escaping.

Practically, he was out of the way for five years, during which time Lord Maltravers could prosecute his plans with regard to Miss Vanhoosen.

Perhaps the hardships he would encounter in the mines might enfeeble his magnificent physique, and kill him before his sentence expired.

When Jack woke up in his cell he pressed his hand to his aching head and exclaimed:

"Where the deuce am I?"

He sat up and reflected.

"Seems to me," he continued, "I had a dream. Moreland invited me to dine; accused me of stealing his watch. Hang his impudence! I was arrested, and got five years in the mines. Was it a dream?"

A look at the cell convinced him that it was not so much a dream as a terrible reality.

The perspiration broke out all over him, and he began to feel terribly alarmed.

Presently the jailer entered with a suit of convict's clothes and some breakfast.

"Eat and dress," he said.

"Certainly," replied Jack; "but let me ask you a few questions."

"Be brief."

"Am I a convict?"

"You are."

"Is there no appeal? Cannot I communicate with the English or American Consul?"

"No time for that," replied the jailer. "In half an hour the chain-gang starts for the mines, and you are one of them."

"For heaven's sake, do something for me!"

The jailer shook his head.

"I am innocent," asseverated Jack.

"The stolen property was found on you. It is a clear case. An angel could not save you."

"But I assure you, my friend, that I am innocent. It is a base conspiracy of which I am the victim."

"Eat and dress!" said the jailer, harshly. "In half an hour I shall come and fix the chain on you."

With these words he banged to the door with a hollow, sepulchral sound, which to Jack sounded like the knell of doom.

He recognized the fact that he was indeed a slave.

"Well," he muttered, "I must admit it was cleverly done; to repine is useless. I will make the best of the situation. Harvey, if not mortally wounded, will come after me. Thanks to what Elise said, my friends know where I am."

He deliberately ate his breakfast, and then attired himself in the hideous yellow suit of a convict sent to the mines.

In the present there was no hope.

It was to the future that he had to look for comfort, assistance and freedom.

Many were the wild tales he had heard of the sufferings in the mines by the poor creatures condemned to toil there.

His heart sank within him as he recalled these stories.

Yet in the midst of all his misery the fairy-like form of Lena Vanhoosen would come before him.

She seemed to be ever bidding him hope on, and telling him that it is always darkest before dawn.

When the half hour was up the jailer, relentless as fate itself, appeared, and fastened a chain around his ankle.

In the court-yard of the prison twenty unfortunates, similarly situated, were assembled.

They were all chained together, and at the word "March," the gate was thrown open and they slowly filed out.

Part of the journey was performed by railway, the convicts having a special car, but a considerable distance had to be traversed on foot, and this was painful and toilsome.

Every week the ranks of the miners, depleted by sickness and death, were reinforced by fresh batches of criminals.

It was seldom that a mine slave lasted longer than five years.

The wretches, cruelly tasked and badly fed, broke down and perished miserably.

The government worked the mines for its own benefit, entirely by convict labor, and made a handsome profit out of it, for the labor cost them nothing but what they paid for food, and often diamonds of large size, first water, and great value were found when the mines were reached. The prisoners were detailed to certain sections, and Jack had to work underground with a desperate-looking ruffian whose name was Alfonso.

The most favored prisoners worked above ground, receiving the "dirt" as it came up the shafts, and washing it in the streams which flowed down from the sides of the mountains.

These were watched by overseers, and the diamonds were, when found, handed to superintendents.

The men worked in couples, and were allowed to talk. They had three meals a day of coarse food, and slept in wooden huts at night, laboring from dawn to dusk.

Jack and Alfonso were supplied with a pickax, a shovel and a basket.

They first picked down the earth or diamond-studded dirt, then shoveled it into the basket, afterward carrying it to the nearest shaft, where it was taken in hand by others, and sent up to the surface.

"What are you in for?" asked Alfonso.

"They say I took a man's watch, and I got five years," replied Jack.

"That's nothing," continued Alfonso; "I killed my man, and I was sent 'down' for life."

Jack shuddered.

He was in the company of a murderer.

"Don't I wish I could get away!" continued the ruffian.

"What would you do?" asked Jack.

"Can you keep a secret?"

"I guess so."

"I tried to escape, but the soldiers, who are always on guard, night and day, saw me and fired. They brought me down. I've the bullet in my leg now."

"Is that so?"

"Yes; but they didn't get it," said Alfonso, laughing.

"It? What do you mean by 'it?'"

"The diamond, my lad. I've got the biggest beauty that ever came out of the mines."

"You have?"

"Yes, sir! It's worth a king's ransom. It ought to be in the crown of a royal personage. It's fit for an emperor."

"Is it so fine?"

"Magnificent. It's as big as the Koh-i-noor, which is the largest in the world. I shall never get out, though, so what use is it?"

He sighed deeply.

"Why don't you give it to the authorities?" inquired Jack.

"Can you tell me why I should?"

"No."

"Do they treat us too well?"

"No, indeed."

"Aren't we slaves and dogs, and lead a life of utter and hopeless misery?"

"Very true."

"They shall never have it. No, my lad. It's safe; but I've taken a fancy to you, and if anything happens to me, I want you to know where it is."

Jack expressed his thankfulness for this proof of the convict's good-will.

"Where is it?" he asked, his curiosity being aroused.

The convict bared his right leg and advanced to the lamp which gave them the light by which they were working.

"Any one around?" he asked.

"I can't see any one," replied Jack.

"You never can tell when the overseers come around. They're on the spy all the time."

"We are alone," Jack said.

"See here, then."

Alfonso took his hand and placed it on his flesh. Jack felt a lump under the skin.

"What's that?" he asked.

"The diamond," replied Alfonso, under his breath.

"Impossible! how could it get there?" Jack asked, incredulously.

"Didn't I tell you they brought me down with a bullet?"

"Yes."

"Well, they saw it had lodged just under the skin, and the brutes didn't think it worth while to get the doctor to cut it out. A day or two afterward I found the diamond."

"Well?"

"So I takes a knife and cuts it out myself, and seeing there was room for the bullet, I shoved the diamond into the hole and let the skin grow over it and there it is now."

"In your body?"

"In my living body," replied Alfonso, "and no word of a lie about it."

"Didn't it hurt?"

"I'll bet you it did. I suffered the tortures of the damned for weeks, and it hurts now if I strain myself or lie on that side."

Jack was overpowered with astonishment.

"You've got grit in you," he remarked.

"Didn't I tell you I killed my man? Any one who's got pluck enough to slay his enemy and risk the gallows can do anything," answered Alfonso.

"What do you want me to do?" inquired Jack.

"If I die you get it out."

"And then?"

"Hide it somewhere. I can't tell you where. We must think."

Suddenly a mine-boss came along, with gentle, catlike footsteps.

"What are you two skulking for?" he asked, exhibiting a rattan, his badge of office.

"Who's skulking?" asked Alfonso, savagely.

"You are."

The overseer looked at him with a foreboding gleam in his eye.

"Pedro," he said, "I warned you once before not to interfere with me."

"It is my duty."

"Let me alone: I'm a desperate man, and I'd just as soon be dead as working here. Do you understand?"

"I understand that you are threatening me," answered Pedro, "and I shall report you."

This "report" meant fifty lashes on the bare back of the prisoner, delivered publicly before retiring to rest.

Alfonso gnashed his teeth savagely.

"Take care," he said.

"I shall report you twice if you do not instantly go to work."

This was intended to convey the fact that the punishment would be doubled, and the number of lashes increased to one hundred.

Alfonso's eyes glared like those of a wild beast.

Jack shrank back, for he felt sure that some terrible tragedy was about to take place.

In any case of disobedience reported by the overseers, the convicts were unmercifully flogged with raw hide, and Alfonso had been treated to that kind of discipline twice during his period of incarceration.

What wonder that a man condemned for life to the most degrading drudgery, who had no hope of ever regaining his freedom except by flight, and who could only expect to die in his chains, should rebel when he thought himself persecuted by those in authority over him?

"I have warned you," said Alfonso, in a strangled voice.

"And I have warned you," replied the keeper.

"Recollect that I have already killed one man."

"Bah!" replied Pedro, the keeper, drawing a pistol. "If you were so much as to raise your little finger toward me, I would stretch you a corpse on this floor."

"What should I be doing to let you?" asked Pedro, with a sneer which was peculiarly aggravating.

Alfonso breathed heavily.

"Do you mean to report me?" he demanded.

"Certainly I do, and you know very well what that means."

"Yes—I—do," answered the convict—speaking with difficulty.

"Shall I tell you?"

"No need of it; my back bears the record."

"For two days in succession, my friend," exclaimed Pedro, who seemed to take a pleasure in tormenting the convict, "you will be flogged in the presence of your companions."

Alfonso's herculean frame trembled, and he shook like an aspen leaf.

"God!" he cried, uplifting his eyes to the dark rock above him, "my time has come—and he."

With a wild gasp he sprang upon Pedro.

Harkaway would have interfered, but he saw that it was useless to make any attempt to separate them.

It was a duel to the death between these two men.

He would only have endangered his own life and have done no good.

Pedro discharged his pistol, as he had threatened to do, but Alfonso received the bullet in his left shoulder without flinching. With his right hand he drove the sharp point of his pick into the skull of the keeper.

Pedro fell with a groan.

Again and again the infuriated convict struck him until, in his mad frenzy, he had smashed his skull into a jelly.

"What have you done?" asked Jack.

"Settled him, my way. There is one mine-boss gone, and the world is rid of another petty tyrant," replied Alfonso.

"And what will become of you?"

"I shall solve the great problem, my friend," said the convict, now a double murderer.

He stooped and picked up the pistol which Pedro had allowed to fall from his hand.

"You do not mean that you will take your own life?"

"That is precisely what I do mean."

"How?"

"Look here!" exclaimed Pedro. "I take you to be a sensible man, though young. What have I, a slave, to live for? Is it any pleasure to me to exist, as I have been existing for the last year, since I have been in this infernal place?"

"No, I cannot think; but——"

"What?"

"While there is life there is hope."

"Not for such as I. Have I not killed this man, almost in self-defense, I may say?"

"I admit it."

"Well, if I live a few hours more they will seize me, flog me till I am in a dying condition, and then hang me. Why should I not die now?"

Harkaway could not see any valid reason why he should prolong his miserable and forfeited existence.

"You are right," he said. "It is clear that suicide in your case is an atonement, if not a virtue."

"Comrade," exclaimed Alfonso, "they say that those who are about to die see future events clearly."

"I have heard that," replied Jack.

"I can see you free and happy."

"His!" cried Jack. "When?"

"Before long. I congratulate you. Do not forget what I told you about the diamond."

"I will not."

"Cut it out as soon as I am dead, and then give the alarm at the mouth of the shaft."

"I will; but where shall I put it?"

Alfonso looked wildly around him.

"I don't know. I can't tell," he replied. "My brain is in a whirl. I hear strange voices ringing in my ears. Angels are talking to me. I am conversing with the spirits of the mighty dead and they bid me come to them."

Jack saw now that the man was crazed.

His troubles and his hard lot had weakened his mind, and he was no longer responsible for his actions.

What ought he to do under the circumstances?

If he snatched the pistol from his hand, he would run the risk of being shot, and it would be no charity to the poor wretch to save his life in order that, after cruelly torturing him, the authorities at the mines might take it in a few hours.

Holding out his hand, he said:

"Good-by."

The murderer grasped it warmly.

"You say good-by! Have you anything to add?" he asked.

"Yes. God bless you and——"

Jack hesitated.

"What?"

"Forgive you, for His Son's sake."

"Good! *Adios*, signor."

These were the last words that Alfonso spoke, for he placed the muzzle of the pistol against his right temple and fired.

There was a loud report, which gave out cavernous echoes, a thick smoke, which nearly obscured the light of the lamp, and the murderer fell prostrate over the corpse of the mine boss.

The bullet had done its work only too well.

He died without a word, a sigh, or a groan.

CHAPTER VII.

MISS VANHOOSEN TRAVELS.

LORD MALTRAVERS took care that the papers, containing an account of Harkaway's adventure in the private box at the California theatre with Elise Holt should reach Miss Vanhoosen.

Lena read the account with surprise and indignation.

"He cannot love me," she said, "or he would not intrigue with a married woman."

She tried to harden her heart against men in general, and Jack in particular.

It was singular that she could not succeed, however, for she had to confess to herself that she still loved him.

A copy of the paper had also been sent to Mrs. Vanhoosen, who gloried in it.

"My dear child," she exclaimed, "what did I always tell you about that man?"

"I know you never liked him, mamma."

"Is not my judgment verified now?"

"Perhaps," replied Lena, "though one ought not always to believe what one reads in the papers."

"Why not?"

"Oh, because they are untrustworthy nine times out of ten," said Lena, who wished to defend her absent lover, no matter how strong the proofs might be against him.

"You should have married Maltravers."

"How could I, when he has a wife alive? What nonsense you talk, mamma! He killed the poor creature, and if he is ever caught he will be hanged."

"Not at all," answered Mrs. Vanhoosen. "I have had a letter from him, in which he says that he is about to return to England. No one here cares to prosecute him. Who will send after him? Is the district-attorney going to the expense of extraditing him?"

"Really, mamma, I do not know, and I don't care to argue the point with you," said Lena, with a weary air.

"Why not?"

"It fatigues me."

"You should marry Lord Maltravers."

"I shall never marry now," answered Lena. "I intend to devote myself to a life of single blessedness."

"Why so?"

"Because——"

She paused abruptly.

"I know what you would say," exclaimed Mrs. Vanhoosen. "This man Harkaway, whom you love, has proved himself unworthy of you, as I always said he was, and therefore you close your heart against every one."

"Have it your own way."

"Are you not foolish?"

"Mamma," said Lena, with sudden energy, "if you taunt me any more I will go into a convent."

"Indeed, you will not. I insist upon you visiting Europe with me again," replied Mrs. Vanhoosen.

"What if I refuse?"

"I will disown you; turn you into the street, and you can shift for yourself, ungrateful girl," replied her mother, passionately.

"You expect that I will meet Maltravers and marry him, after all that has occurred?"

"I do."

"Then you are greatly mistaken," said Lena, obstinately.

"My dear child," continued her mother, "consider all you are losing. If you meet Maltravers in Paris, you can get married for he has no wife now, and can live in Switzerland, or some quiet place, till this affair has blown over."

"Never!"

At this moment Alfred Vanhoosen, who had been absent in Albany for some little time, entered the room.

His presence was unexpected, but it was as welcome as the flowers in May to Lena, who dearly loved her brother.

She knew that he was at all times her friend and her protector.

"Alfred!" she exclaimed, grasping his hand, "I am so glad to see you!"

"And I too see you, sis. Mamma, how are you?"

"Ailing, my dear," replied Mrs. Vanhoosen. "My head has troubled me very much since you have been away."

"Sorry for that. What have you got in your hand, sissy?"

"A California paper."

"I thought as much. What is it about?" asked Alfred.

"That affair of Mr. Harkaway's, in San Francisco," replied Lena.

"Oho! Is that all? You have not seen the *Chronicle* of a later date?"

"No."

He produced a paper, in which he pointed out to her a certain paragraph.

"I presume," he exclaimed, "that Lord Maltravers sends you papers for his own purposes."

"Possibly," she answered, beginning to read.

"Who sends papers to you?" asked Mrs. Vanhoosen, sharply.

"Dick Harvey keeps me posted, and I know just what is going on. This is a game of chess between Harkaway and Maltravers, and I am sorry to say that his lordship has won the first two moves in the game."

"Glad of it!" replied Mrs. Vanhoosen.

"No, mother," said Alfred, "you are not glad in your heart."

"Why not?"

"Because you are too much of a lady and a Christian to wish to see a scoundrel triumph over an honest man?"

Mrs. Vanhoosen sat down on the lounge and fanned herself in a vigorous manner.

She did not condescend to make any reply.

Lena read the paragraph which her brother had pointed out to her, and learnt from it some startling facts.

It stated that Harkaway and his friends had been stopped on their way to the Geysers by Vasquez, the celebrated bandit, who had been the scourge of California for so long a time.

Harvey had been dangerously wounded, and Jack had been carried off, nobody knew where.

When she had fully mastered the contents of this news item, Lena uttered a loud cry.

Her mother looked at her in astonishment.

"My dear child!" she exclaimed, "what is the matter?"

"Jack has been captured by bandits," replied Lena. "Oh! what shall I—what ought I to do?"

"Shall I tell you, sis?" asked Alfred.

"Oh! yes."

Mrs. Vanhoosen rose and extended her hand.

"Allow me an opportunity to speak, if you please," she said.

"Certainly," replied Alfred; "you are our mother, and we are bound to hear you, although I must say that if I were in Lena's place I would go after Jack."

"Insolent boy!"

"No, mother, I am not insolent; but the girl loves the man, and what is the use of interfering between them?"

"She shall not marry him!"

"I don't want to be unfaithful or go against the fifth commandment, mother, which tells us, very properly, to honor our father and mother; but, really, you are wrong in this case."

"Why, may I ask?"

"Mr. Harkaway is an honorable and elegant gentleman in every sense of the word, and by no means a pauper. He can support Lena just as well as you have supported her, and there is no reason why he should not marry her."

Mrs. Vanhoosen tried to speak, but her rising temper rendered her speechless.

Lena began to cry, and put her handkerchief to eyes.

"Oh!" she sobbed; "I shall never see him again."

Alfred Vanhoosen patted her on the cheek with brotherly affection.

"Yes, you will, sis," he replied.

"Oh, no! never, never!"

"I beg your pardon. Jack is not a man very easy to kill, and I don't think Maltravers will get away with him so easily as he thinks."

"God grant it."

"At any rate," continued Alfred, "I will proceed at once to San Francisco and search for him."

"You will?"

"Yes, indeed."

Lena seized him by the hand and looked imploringly in his face.

"Take me with you," she exclaimed. "I shall die if I stay here. This life is intolerable to me."

Alfred looked at his mother, as if he expected some reproach from that proud, ambitious woman.

She was not really bad-hearted, but she was like so many other mothers in the United States who desire their daughters to marry some man from Europe with a title rather than have one of their own race, or at least, one who has nothing but his face and his character to recommend him.

"You are a thankless child, and your conduct is sharper than a serpent's tooth," said Mrs. Vanhoosen.

Lena held out her hand.

"Mamma," she exclaimed, "we must part."

"What! am I to be deserted by my children?"

"Alas! yes. We cannot live together. There is no sympathy between us. My love calls me far away."

Mrs. Vanhoosen became very angry. Her face flushed. She tried to speak, and failed.

Suddenly she uttered a cry. Something seemed to burst in her throat. She fell to the ground heavily.

A stream of blood rushed from her mouth.

In her anger she had broken a blood-vessel, and her life was in danger.

Lena, now greatly alarmed, knelt down and supported her parent's head.

A doctor was sent for, and he did all he could for the unhappy woman, but there was internal hemorrhage, and after lingering for three days, she died.

The brother and sister were deeply grieved at their mother's death, but they could not blame themselves for her untimely end.

By her will she had divided her fortune equally between them.

After the funeral, which was largely attended by their numerous friends in New York, they decided to go to California and unravel the mystery which to them attended the fate of Jack Harkaway.

The journey across the continent was delightful.

Everything was so new that they forgot their grief and were happy.

[To be continued.]

"The Slave of the Mine" was commenced in No. 885.

A LUCKY CHANCE SHOT.

A MOST remarkable hunting adventure occurred to Mr. G. W. Smith, of Douglas County, Oregon, a few days ago. He had started into the woods with his Henry rifle for a day's shooting, and came across signs of bigger game than he had expected, in the shape of bear-tracks. Two miles across a valley and up a hill, the hunter followed

the trail. All at once, a huge cinnamon-bear appeared in the path, walking leisurely along. The crack of the Henry, a sharp reverberation among the crags, the thunderous answer of the beast, and the hunter took to his heels. On bounded Bruin. Smith turned. In a terrible moment, the bear closed, and knocked the rifle into the air and its owner upon the ground. As he fell, Smith heard the clear report of a rifle. Stunned as he was, he thanked his lucky stars that some friendly hand had made itself felt in the nick of time, for the bear was lying by his side, dead. Recovering, Smith looked far and near for his rescuer. He saw no one. Much puzzled, he picked up his rifle and looked into the magazine. He found but eight bullets, and the mystery was explained. In starting on the hunt, he had put ten bullets in, and fired one shot, and so it must have been that the rifle discharged itself in the fall, providentially killing the bear.

AN EXPLOSION ON BROADWAY.

BETWEEN twelve and one o'clock one afternoon lately, the inmates of the stores in Broadway, between Warren and Murray Streets, were startled by a loud explosion, and hurrying to their doors they were just in time to see Peter McOwen, the driver of one of William Byrne's soda-water wagons, drenched, with a volume of water, apparently falling from a clear sky. One of the sixteen great retorts, full of soda-water, with which the dray was loaded, had burst, and thrown eight gallons of the foaming liquid high in air. The retort was of copper, and no fragments were scattered. The explosion forced out the head of the receptacle, rending it and the sides in every direction, and curling the thick copper as it might have curled an Autumn leaf. The vessel was charged with a pressure of two hundred and twenty-five pounds.

MARKSMANSHIP UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

ALEXANDER COKER, a Texas herder, was running cattle recently when his horse fell, and the long lariat that hangs at the saddle-bow became entangled around the herder's legs. The horse rose quickly and ran, dragging Coker across the plains, but had proceeded only a little way when Coker managed to draw his pistol and shot the animal dead.

A DESPERATE BOAT-FIGHT.

IN May, 1778, a flatboat loaded with kettles, intended for the manufacture of salt at Bullitt's Lick, left Louisville with thirteen persons—twelve armed men and one woman—on board. The boat and cargo were owned by Henry Crist and Solomon Spears, and the company consisted of Crist, Spears, Christian Creppe, Thomas Floyd, Joseph Boyce, Evans Moore, an Irishman named Fossett, and five others, and a woman whose name is not preserved.

The intention of the party was to descend the Ohio, which was then very high, to the mouth of Salt River, and thence ascend the latter river, the current of which was entirely deadened by back-water from the Ohio, to a place near the licks called Mud Garrison, which was a temporary fortification, constructed of two rows of slight stockades, and the space between filled with mud and gravel from the bank of the river hard by.

The works inclosed a space of about half an acre, and stood about midway between Bullitt's Lick and the falls of Salt River, where Shepherdsville now stands. These works were then occupied by the families of the salt-makers, and those who hunted to supply them with food, and acted also as an advanced guard to give notice of the approach of any considerable body of men.

On the 25th of May the boat entered Salt River, and the hands commenced working her up with sweep-oars. There was no current one way or the other—while in the Ohio the great breadth of the river secured them against any sudden attack, but when they came into Salt River they were within easy reach of the Indian rifle from the shore. It became necessary, therefore, to send out scouts to apprise them of any danger ahead.

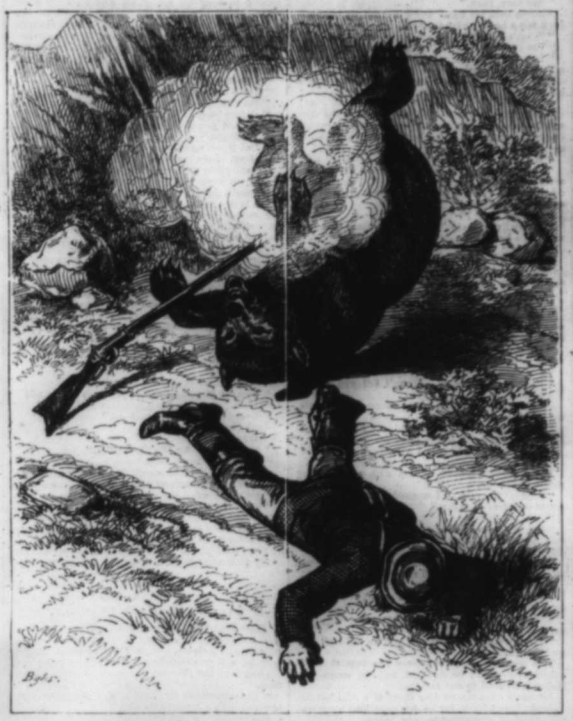
In the evening of the first day of their ascent of the river Crist and Floyd went ashore to reconnoitre the bank of the river ahead of the boat.

Late in the evening they discovered a fresh trail, but for want of light they could not make out the number of Indians. They remained out all night, but made no further discoveries.

In the morning, as they were returning down the river toward the boat, they heard a number of guns, which they believed to be Indians, killing game for breakfast. They hastened back to the boat and communicated what they had heard and seen.

They pulled on up the river until eight o'clock, and arrived at a point eight miles below the mouth of the Rolling Fork, where they drew into shore on the north side of the river, now in Bullitt County, intending to land and cook and eat their breakfast.

MARKSMANSHIP UNDER DIFFICULTIES.—HOW A TEXAN HERDER BROUGHT HIS RUNAWAY HORSE TO A FULL STOP.



A LUCKY CHANCE SHOT.—A HUNTER'S RIFLE IS ACCIDENTALLY DISCHARGED WITH FATAL EFFECT UPON A BEAR, AFTER THE BEAR HAD THROWN THE HUNTER DOWN.—SEE PAGE 339.

As they drew into shore they heard the gobbling of turkeys (as they supposed) on the bank where they were going to land, and as the boat touched, Fossett and another sprang ashore, with their guns in their hands, to shoot turkeys.

They were cautioned of their danger, but disregarding the admonition, hastily ascended the bank. Their companions in the boat had barely lost sight of them when they heard a volley of rifles discharged all at once, on the bank immediately above, succeeded by a yell of savages so terrific as to induce a belief that the woods were filled with Indians.

This attack, so sudden and violent, took the boat's company by surprise, and they had barely time to seize their rifles and place themselves in a posture of defense when Fossett and his companion came dashing down the bank, hotly pursued by a large body of Indians.

Crist stood in the bow of the boat with his rifle in his hand. At the first sight of the enemy he brought his gun to his face, but instantly perceived that the object of his aim was a white man, and a sudden thought flashed across his mind that the enemy was a company of surveyors that he knew to be then in the woods, and that the attack was made in sport, etc., let his gun down, and at the same time his white foeman sunk out of his sight behind the bank. But the firing had begun in good earnest on both sides.

Crist again brought his rifle to his face, and as he did so the white man's head was rising over the bank, with his gun also drawn up and presented. Crist got the fire on him, and at the crack of his rifle the white man fell forward dead.

Fossett's hunting-companion plunged into the water, and got in safely at the bow of the boat. But Fossett's arm was broken by the first fire on the hill. The boat, owing to the high water, did not touch the land, and he got into the river further toward the stern, and swam round with his gun in his left hand, and was taken safely into the stern.

So intent were the Indians on the pursuit of their prey that many of them ran to the water's edge, struck and shot at Fossett and his companion while getting into the boat, and some even seized the boat and attempted to draw it nearer the shore.

In this attempt many of the Indians perished; some were shot dead as they approached the boat, others were killed in the river, and it required the most stubborn resistance and determined valor to keep them from carrying the boat by assault.

Repulsed in their efforts to board the boat, the savages withdrew higher up the bank, and, taking their stations behind trees, commenced a regular and galling fire, which was returned with the spirit of brave men rendered desperate by the certain knowledge that no quarter would be given, and that it was an issue of victory or death to every soul on board.

The boat had a log-chain for a cable, and when she was first brought ashore the chain was thrown round a small tree that stood on the water's edge, and the hook ran through one of the links.

This had been done before the first fire was made upon Fossett on shore. The kettles in the boat had been ranked up along the sides, leaving an open gangway through the middle of the boat from bow to stern.

Unfortunately, the bow lay to shore, so that the guns of the Indians raked the whole length of the gangway, and their fire was constant and destructive.

Spears and several others of the bravest men, had already fallen, some killed and others mortally wounded. From the commencement of the battle, many efforts had been made to disengage the boat from the shore, all of which had failed. The hope was that, if they could once loose the cable, the boat would drift out of the reach of the enemy's guns; but any attempt to do this by hand would expose the person to certain destruction. Fossett's right arm was broken, and he could do longer handle his rifle.

He got a pole, and, placing himself low down in the bow of the boat, commenced punching at the hook in the chain, but the point of the hook was turned from him, and all his efforts seemed only to drive it further into the link.

He at length discovered where a small limb had cut from the pole, and left a knot about an inch long; this knot, after a number of efforts, he placed against the point of the hook, and, jerking the pole suddenly toward him, threw the hook out of the link.

The chain fell, and the boat drifted slowly out from the bank; and, by means of an oar worked over head, the boat was brought into the middle of the river, with her side to the shore, which protected them from the fire of the Indians.

The battle had now lasted upward of an hour. The odds against the crew was, at least, ten to one. The fire had been very destructive on both sides, and a great many of the Indians had been killed; but if the boat had remained much longer at the shore, it was manifest that there would have been none of the crew left to tell the tale of their disaster.

The survivors had now time to look round upon the havoc that had been made of their little band. Five of their companions lay dead in the gangway—Spears, Floyd, Fossett and Boyce were wounded—Creppe, Crist and Moore remained unhurt.

It was evident that Spears's wound was mortal, and that he could survive but a few moments. He urged the survivors to run the boat to the opposite side of the river, and save themselves by immediate flight, and leave him to his fate. Creppe and Crist positively refused.

But the boat was gradually nearing the southern shore in the river. At this time, the Indians, to the number of forty or fifty, were seen crossing the river above, at a few hundred yards' distance, some on logs, and some swimming and carrying their rifles over their heads.

The escape of the boat was now hopeless, as there was a large body of Indians on each side of the river. If the boat had been carried immediately to the opposite side of the river as soon as her cable was loosed, the survivors might have escaped; but to such minds and hearts the idea of leaving their dying friends to the mercy of the Indian tomahawk was insupportable.

The boat at length touched the southern shore—a hasty preparation was made to bury the wounded in the woods—Floyd, Fossett and Boyce got to land, and sought concealment in the thickets. Creppe and Crist turned to their suffering friend. Spears, but death had kindly stepped in and cut short the savage triumph. The woman now remained.

They offered to assist her to shore, that she might take her chance of escape in the woods, but the danger of her position and the scenes of blood and death around her had overpowered her senses, and no entreaty or remonstrance could prevail with her to move. She sat with her face buried in her hands, and no efforts could make her sensible that there was any hope of escape.

The Indians had gained the south side of the river, and were yelling like bloodhounds as they ran down toward the boat, which they now looked upon as their certain prey.

Creppe and Crist seized a rifle apiece and ascended the river-bank; at the top of the hill they met the savages, and charged them with a shout. Creppe fired upon them, but Crist, in haste, had taken up Fossett's gun, which had got wet as he swam with it to the boat on the opposite side—it missed fire. At this time Moore passed them and escaped.

The Indians, when charged by Creppe and Crist, fell back into a ravine that put into the river immediately above them. Crist and Creppe again commenced their flight. The Indians rallied and rose from the ravine, and fired a volley at them as they fled. Creppe received a ball in his left side; a bullet struck Crist's heel, and completely crushed the bones of his foot. They parted, and met no more.

The Indians, intent on plunder, did not pursue them, but rushed into the boat. Crist heard one long, agonizing shriek from the unfortunate woman, and the wild shouts of the savages as they possessed themselves of the spoils of a costly but barren victory.

Creppe, in the course of the next day, arrived in the neighborhood of Long Lick, and being unable to travel further, lay down in the woods to die. Moore alone escaped unhurt, and brought in the tidings of the defeat of the boat. The country was at once aroused.

Creppe was found and brought in, but died about the time he reached home. Crist described Creppe as a tall, fair-haired, handsome man; kind, brave and enterprising, and possessed of all those high and striking qualities that gave the heroic stamp to that hardy race of pioneers among whom he had lived and died.

He had been the lion of the fight. By exposing himself to the most imminent peril, he inspired his companions with his own contempt of danger. He and Crist had stood over Fossett, and kept the Indians treed while he disengaged the cable; and his coolness during the long, bloody struggle of the day had won the admiration of Crist himself—than whom a more dauntless man had never contended with mortal foe.

Creppe left a young wife and one son, then an infant.

His wife was *enceinte* at the time of his death—the posthumous child was a daughter, and is the wife of the Hon. Charles A. Wickliffe, of Kentucky. The son died shortly after he arrived at man's estate.

Crist was so disabled by the wound that he could not walk. The bones of his heel were crushed. He crept into a thicket and lay down—his wound bled profusely. He could not remain there long. His feet were now of no use to him. He bound his moccasins on his knees, and commenced his journey.

Piece by piece his hat, hunting-shirt and vest were consumed to shield his hands against the rugged rocks which lay in his way. He crawled on all day up the river, and at night crossed over to the north side upon a log that he rolled down the bank.

He concealed himself in a thicket and tried to sleep; but pain and exhaustion and loss of blood had driven sleep from his eyes.

His foot and leg were much swollen and inflamed. Guided by the stars, he crept on again. Between midnight and day he came in sight of a camp-fire, and heard the barking of a dog. A number of Indians rose up from around the fire, and he crept softly away from the light.

He lay down and remained quiet for some time. When all was still again, he resumed his slow and painful journey.

He crawled into a small branch, and kept on down it for some distance upon the rocks, that he might leave no trace behind him.

At daylight he ascended an eminence of considerable height, to ascertain, if possible, where he was, and how to shape his future course; but all around was wilderness.

He was aiming to reach Bullitt's Lick, now about eight miles distant, and his progress was not half a mile an hour. He toiled on all day; night came on—the second night of his painful journey. Since leaving the small branch the night before he had found no water—since the day before the battle he had not tasted food.

Worn down with hunger, want of sleep, acute pain and raging thirst, he laid himself down to die. But his sufferings were not to end here. Guided again by the stars, he struggled on. Every rag that he could interpose between the rugged stones and his bleeding hands and knee (for he could now use but one) was worn away.

The morning came—the morning of the third day; it brought him but little hope, yet the indomitable spirit within him disdained to yield, and during the day he made what progress he could. As the evening drew on, he became aware that he was in the vicinity of Bullitt's Lick; but he could go no further—nature had made her last effort, and he laid himself down and prayed that death would speedily end his sufferings.

When darkness came on, from where he lay, he could see the hundred fires of the furnaces at the licks all glowing; and he even fancied he could see the dusky forms of the firemen as they passed to and fro around the pits; but they were more than half a mile off, and how was he to reach them? He had not eaten a morsel in four days; he had been drained of almost his last drop of blood, the wounded leg had become so stiff and swollen that for the last

AN EXPLOSION IN BROADWAY.—SUDDEN SHOWER OF SODA-WATER.

A DESPERATE BOAT-FIGHT.—"POSSETT AND HIS COMPANION CAME DASHING DOWN THE BANK, HOTLY PURSUED BY A LARGE BODY OF INDIANS."

two days and nights he had dragged it after him; the flesh was worn from his knee and from the palms of his hands.

Relief was in his sight, but to reach it was impossible. Suddenly he heard the tramp of a horse's feet approaching him, and hope sprang up once more in his breast. The sound came nearer and still more near.

A path ran near the place where he lay; a man on horseback approached within a few rods of him, he mustered his remaining strength and hailed him; but, to his utter surprise and dismay, the horseman turned suddenly and galloped off toward the Licks.

Despair now seized him. To die alone of hunger and thirst, in sight of hundreds and of plenty, seemed to him the last dregs of the bitterest cup that Fate could offer to mortal lips. Oh, that he could have fallen by the side of his friends in the proud battle!

That he could have met the Indian tomahawk, and died in the strength of his manhood, and not have been doomed to linger out his life in days and nights of pain and agony, and to die by piecemeal in childish despair!

While these thoughts were passing in his mind, the horseman, a negro, regained the Licks and alarmed the people with the intelligence that the Indians were approaching. On being interrogated, all the account he could give was that some person had called to him in the woods, a half-mile off, and called him by the wrong name.

It was manifest it was not Indians, and forthwith a number of men set out, guided by the negro, to the place. Crist's hopes again revived when he heard voices, and saw lights approaching. They came near and hailed. Crist knew the voice, and called to the man by name. This removed all doubt, and they approached the spot where he lay.

A sad and mournful sight was before them. A man that had left them but a few days before, in the bloom of youth, health and buoyant spirits, now lay stretched upon the earth, a worn and emaciated skeleton, unable to lift a hand to bid them welcome. They bore him home. The ball was extracted, but his recovery was slow and doubtful. It was a year before he was a man again.

The woman in the boat was carried a prisoner to Canada. Ten years afterward, Crist met her again in Kentucky. She had been redeemed by an Indian trader, and brought into Wayne's camp on the Maumee, and restored to her friends. She informed Crist that the body of Indians which made the attack on the boat numbered over one hundred and twenty, of whom about thirty were killed in the engagement.

The account was confirmed by Indians whom Crist met with afterward, and who had been in the battle. They told Crist that the boat's crew fought more like devils than men, and if they had taken one of them prisoner, they would have roasted him alive.

Crist was afterward a member of the Kentucky Legislature, and in 1808 was a member of Congress. He died at his residence in Bullitt County, in August, 1844, aged eighty years.

ORVILLE AND DAN;

Or,

Adventures in Japan.

By COMMODORE AH-LOOK,

Author of "KEEP YOUR BOUNDS," "IRREVIVE BEN," etc.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

CHAMPION KITE FLYING.

AT the conclusion of the breakfast, Mr. Hirano asked the boys if they would amuse themselves a while, as some one wished to see him, then retired to the front apartment.

"Come into my room," said Benkei to them. "I wish to speak with you," and when he had closed the screen that served for a door to the chamber, he whispered: "Will you kindly refrain from saying anything more about my Buddhistic ideas? You pain me. Remember I was brought up in the faith, and it is a difficult matter to shake it off all at once. My relations here are Shintos, and are endeavoring to convert me to their belief."

Dan laughed and remarked:

"It seems to me, Ben, you are a little bit smitten with one of your cousins. I have noticed you pay her a good deal of attention."

The young man rolled his eyes, and otherwise expressed his delight; then, opening the box of pomatum, rubbed some of it on his bristling hair, and significantly replied:

"I am fond of Tofu" (bean curd).

"Oh, that is your favorite's name, eh?" merrily observed Orville. "Well, she's a charming young lady, and you must ask us to the wedding."

"Not so fast," he laughingly answered. "She is my cousin, and I must seek elsewhere for a wife. I merely said I liked Tofu. This stuff is very sticky, is it not?"

Japanese pomade is a stiff substance, made of vegetable wax and oil, and it mats the hair together in a shiny mass.

Benkei had put on a liberal quantity, and when he proceeded to comb his locks, they lay down smooth, and he looked as though his head had been blackened and lacquered.

"Is this the American style?" he nervously inquired of Dan.

The boys laughed at his comical appearance and told him his hair was slicked down beautifully, but upon his offering them some of his cosmetic they declined it.

"I am sure this isn't all right," he said, passing his hands over his highly-polished head. "It sticks to my scalp, and I feel awfully uncomfortable. Your American fashions are not, at first, pleasant to endure."

"Gentlemen," said Hirano, from the other apartment, "can I speak with you a moment?"

"Come in, uncle," cried Benkei; "you won't disturb us."

The old man pushed back the screen, and entering the room, said to Orville:

"Would you mind putting off your visit to my work-people for a day? I belong to the Kite-flyers' Club, and some of the members have invited me to *hanami* (literally, to see the flowers). Would you like to join us?"

"Yes," replied Orville; "I have had several Japanese kites, though I never could do anything with the things. I hear that men in this country amuse themselves with those toys, but was unaware you organized associations for the purpose of flying them."

"Neither do we," chuckled Hirano. "We took the title from the Japanese words for 'kite' and 'flying'; these united form a character that means 'We will have a good time,' therefore, we adopted it."

"I understand now," said the boy. "Come, Dan, let us get ready to accompany our friend. I suppose you, Benkei, do not feel strong enough to go with us."

"No," said Ben; "my elements are not yet regulated. In two or three days I shall be as well as meanwhile. I'll let my aunt and cousins nurse me."

Half an hour afterward a number of cangos were assembled in the street before the house, and the host, dressed in his best, summoned the brothers to join him.

"*Sai-o-nara!*" cried the young ladies as they mustered in the veranda to see them off. "Take care and do not drink too much *saké*. Sometimes, when people go to see the flowers, they end by seeing double. *Sai-o-nara!*"

The boys laughed, thanked them for the hint, and returned their salutation; then seated themselves in the odd-looking conveyances, the bearers who had accompanied our young friends during their travels marching by them and taking turns to carry the American flag.

In a few moments the procession formed in line, and defiling into the main street, joined a large party of holiday-makers, who were marshaled in divisions under gorgeous banners and devices.

"I suppose this is a Japanese target-party," said Orville, when he found his cango alongside of Dan's. "I see some of them carry bows and arrows."

"They are a jolly crowd," replied his brother. "How do you like riding in one of these things, Orv?"

"I'm not sufficiently Japanned to sit comfortably with my knees close to my nose," was the response. "Hello," pointing to a number of musicians who had just joined the assembly—"here's a band. The Kite-flyers are spreading themselves. Mr. Hirano seems to be somebody in the club."

"Are you gentlemen quite comfortable?" demanded their host, as he rode up to them in his cango. "I have been to see the bearers off with the provisions and liquid refreshments."

The boys laughed and said they were as well as could be expected; then off he went to head the procession, and at a given signal the carriers raised the cangos and started at a swift jog-trot—the musicians, who were in the rear, playing a tune that nearly drove the boys frantic.

Their route lay through the main street, which was lined on both sides with men, women and children, who exchanged merry remarks with the Kite-flyers, and greeted the Stars and Stripes with yells of approval.

After passing the gates, the procession defiled to the right, along a country road, shaded with magnificent mulberry-trees, laden with red and purple fruit, that gave out a delicious perfume.

"Oh, don't the mulberries smell nice?" said Dan, as their bearers halted to rest. "I wonder such a sensible people as the Japs do not walk to their picnics instead of being carried, doubled up, in this style."

"I suppose it wouldn't be fashionable," answered his brother. "When they have railways they'll do away with these confounded cangos."

About eleven o'clock they turned into the grounds of a Shinto temple, and the boys were released from their uncomfortable positions.

A DESPERATE BOAT-FIGHT.—"SHE SAT WITH HER FACE BURIED IN HER HANDS, AND NO EFFORT COULD MAKE HER SENSIBLE THAT THERE WAS ANY HOPE OF ESCAPE."

"By Jingu!" cried Orville to their host, when the latter came to conduct them to the spot set aside for the party, "what lovely flowers!"

"I am glad you admire them," said Hirano. "They are chrysanthemums."

"Chrysanthemums?" ejaculated Dan. "They are as big as our dahlias, and such gorgeous colors! red, green, blue, purple, striped, gold and silver—all shades. We must take some of the seeds home."

"I will procure a collection for you," said their friend. "Come, take your places so as you will be able to see the wonderful exhibition," with which he pointed to what they thought was a high screen made of bamboo and painted paper, and continued: "That is the kite; it is twenty-five feet high, by twenty wide, and this," showing them a big coil of strong cotton rope, "is its cord."

The grounds of the temple occupied the greater portion of a high hill, which rendered them well adapted for the purpose kite-flying, and the boys saw hundreds of those toys soaring in the air, some being in the shape of birds and others of men or animals.

While they were watching them, a body of laborers began to uncoil the cotton rope, and presently Hirano whispered to the brothers:

"Would you mind loosing your flag to the man who is going up on the kite?—he wishes to take it with him."

As he spoke he pointed to a wiry youth, clad in a waistcloth, who was busying himself about a net attached to the gigantic toy.

"What?" exclaimed Dan. "Surely you must be joking?"

The old man assured them he was not romancing and when Orville gave him the flag he handed it to the aeronaut, who, taking it between his teeth, inserted his ankles in the loop of a rope secured to the lower frame of the kite, and uttered a shrill signal, whereupon his assistants brought the machine before the wind and began to play out the cord.

With a roar, a buzz and a rush, the enormous mass of paper bellied out like a sail in its frame, then shot up into the air with its living burden hanging head downward, yelling like a fiend and waving the Stars and Stripes.

"Good gracious," cried Orville, "he's going to fall! See, he has dropped the flag!"

CHAPTER XL.

A WONDERFUL EXHIBITION OF DAY-FIREWORKS.

ALTHOUGH the flag fluttered to the ground, the man on the kite did not follow it, he having merely ridden himself of his burden in order to carry out the next part of his programme.

Climbing up into a net, suspended like a hammock from the lower corners of the machine, he seated himself in it and went soaring upward as unconcernedly as though he were in a swing, the holiday-makers watching him with upturned faces and open mouths.

When the kite was so high that it appeared no bigger than an ordinary one, he was seen to drop some little balls. These, as they descended, left behind them a thick trail of colored smoke, and presently exploded, forming, in the same substance, beautiful representations of dragons' heads, from the mouths of which issued variegated fires, the figures gradually floating away and assuming horizontal positions.

This sight so amazed the boys that they had no time to ask questions; Benkei had told them of the day (or smoke) fireworks, but they had utterly failed to understand his description or to credit how palpable figures could be thus formed in the air.

The dragons gradually became mixed up with one another, as the wind blew them together and floated them off in grotesque confusion, seeing which, the man on the kite sent out a shower of colored monsters that hid him from view as completely as though he were behind a cloud. While the audience were gazing at the weird shapes, the balance of the rope was paid out and the mammoth toy lowered on the other side of the temple, great care being taken by the men not to damage the ornaments on the roof.

Before Orville and Dan had finished watching the display, the aeronaut was back in their midst.

"See," said Hirano, pointing to him, "there is the fellow who went up on the kite. Can you Americans beat his exhibition?"

"No," said Orv; "he deserves a gold medal and honorable mention. I'd like to learn how to make day-fireworks."

"Ah! you never will," said their friend. "It is a secret known only to the members of one family. Even torture has failed to wring it from them."

"I understand," said Dan, with a nod. "They've got a good thing, and intend to stick to it."

"Watch him," said Hirano; "he is going to show you something grand."

The performer motioned everybody to retire to a considerable distance from where he stood, and, when they had once more squatted in a circle, approached an object that looked like a nail-keg, fastened on a short piece of bamboo.

Touching this with a piece of lighted punk, he uttered a yell and withdrew.

Slowly, like the rising of the sun, a golden mass burst from the object and developed into a glorious cluster of chrysanthemum-blossoms of all colors. Then from the centre sprang a gigantic figure of a woman clad in armor, and armed with a spear and bow and arrows.

"That is Jingu-Kogo, the mother of the God of War," said Hirano. "What do you think of her?"

"She's real good-looking," said Dan, as they watched the smoke change into an enormous letter (Japanese character). "Will you tell me the meaning of that?"

"Yes," was the proud response. "It says, 'The arms of Japan shall shine beyond the seas.' Those

A DESPERATE BOAT-FIGHT.—"HE MUSTERED HIS REMAINING STRENGTH, AND HAILED THEM; BUT TO HIS UTTER SURPRISE AND DISMAY, THE HORSEMEN TURNED SUDDENLY AND GALLOPED OFF TOWARD THE LICKS."

A DESPERATE BOAT-FIGHT.—"THE INDIANS RALLIED, ROSE FROM THE RAVINE, AND FIRED A VOLLEY AT THEM AS THEY FLED. CRIST'S RECEIVED A BALL IN HIS LEFT SIDE."

were the words she used over two thousand five hundred years ago."

"You are a wonderful people," admiringly remarked Orville. "See, the smoke is changing into something else."

"That is a representation of Mount Fuji-yama. Is it not beautiful?"

"Yes, it's nice," answered Dan, with a critical air; "but we have bigger and finer mountains in our country."

"Wait till you see it," said the old fellow; "you will then acknowledge there is not another like it in the world. We have an adage, 'Behold Fuji and die!'"

Orville winked at his brother, and observed, with a grin:

"We'll give the mountain a wide berth. We want to see our friends before we peg out."

"Excuse me," whispered Hirano; "the man is about to give the last part of his exhibition. Watch him; this is very interesting."

The performer advanced to a second keg, fired it, yelled and retired, whereupon there arose a thin cloud of smoke that changed from gray to blue, and finally into all the colors of the rainbow, after which its upper part broke into thin spirals, representing the limbs of a gigantic devil-fish, which writhed to and fro in a most horrible fashion.

"I don't think much of it," said Orville, as the monster rose into the air.

"Wait a moment," pleaded their friend; "the best is to come."

Hirano slowly ascended, and when it was twenty feet above their heads, burst into a shower of most beautiful objects—pans in smoke.

There were representations of gods, demons, mermaids, fish, animals, birds and vegetables, mixed up with Japanese and Chinese words, that set Hirano's club-mates guessing like schoolboys over a book of conundrums—the smoke presently assuming one mammoth character, which the old man said meant "Sai-o-nara!" (farewell)—a delicate hint for the audience to reward the exhibitor, who came round with his fan to collect the money.

"Could you make me a smoke-firework to represent a foreign celebrity?" said Orville, as he gave the young fellow a string of cash. "I should like to take such a curiosity home."

"Excuse me; I would rather not try it again," was the quiet response. "When we were in Osaka last year we made a smoke-statue for an American, but instead of paying for it he fired a revolver at us."

"Whom did he wish you to represent?" asked Orville.

"One of your gods, named Washington," answered the man. "Unfortunately, my father prepared the ingredients, and not understanding the difference in foreign Mikados' features, made a mistake."

Here he paused and grinned upon the crowd.

"Well, what in thunder did he do?" asked Dan.

"His best," politely responded the young fellow. "It was the man of your nation who was unreasonable. The only foreign face we had to model after was one surmounting a walking-stick, and the American said it depicted the head of a person named King George."

"He wasn't Washington," chuckled Orv. "My countryman need not have fired at you because of that. Washington whipped the tyrant, and settled the matters years ago. Where do you manufacture these things now?"

"In Tokio," was the reply. "If you visit my father and give him proper drawings, he'll make you any design you like, and if you don't let it get damp it will keep for years."

"All right," nodded Orv; "we'll call on your parent and ask him to furnish us with a first-class specimen, representing the Founder of our Nation surrounded with a cloud of cherry-blossoms—the figure and flowers to change into the legend, 'I cannot tell a lie; I did it with my little hatchet.'"

After the man had taken up his collection and departed, the members of the club gathered round the Americans and begged them to relate the story about Washington to which Orville had just referred.

The boy complied—winding up by taking his flag and holding it aloft for their admiration, while he exclaimed:

"Yes, my friends, he never told a lie."

"Never!" said Hirano.

Orville was about to answer "Hardly ever," when Dan checked him by saying, in English:

"No, no, brother, spare our friends *that*. It would be a good joke to them for an hour or two, but the consequences might prove serious. Do not spoil their day's pleasure and entail a curse upon their posterity."

Orv laughed at this, and informed the picnickers that he had told them the truth about Washington.

"Well, then, he must have been a god," remarked Hirano. "It says in our Sacred Books, 'All men speak falsely.' It is only immortals who utter the truth."

"Just so," nodded Dan; "our Washington is an immortal here. There never was or will be another like him in the world. He was the Father of Our country, and he whipped the Britishers out of their boots!"

The Japanese bowed irrespectfully, and riding, dispersed; some to admire the flowers and others to shoot at a drum with their bows and arrows.

About four o'clock they assembled in a grove of mulberry-trees and partook of a nice dinner, the bill of fare including fish, fowl, vegetables and fruit, which the Japanese washed down with copious draughts of strong *saké*.

Our boys, who were wiser than the men, contented themselves with tea.

The Kite-flyers kept up their jollification until sunset, then, accompanied by their band, started homeward.

"Brother," whispered Orville, as the lads entered the cangoe, "I know why the Japs use these vehicles when they go on a honeymoon; it would puzzle them either to walk or ride home."

"Ye-s," said Dan. "Won't their heads ache in the morning!"

CHAPTER XLI.

HOW THE JAPANESE MAKE VEGETABLE-WAX.

THE ride home from the picnic was not the most pleasant part of the boys' experience, and when they arrived at their host's residence both of them were glad to go to bed.

"Orville," cried Benkei, from the adjoining room, "did my uncle drink much *saké*?"

"I didn't keep any account," was the response.

"Why do you ask?"

"Because he is standing on his head in the kitchen," chuckled Ben, drawing back the screen and entering the apartment. "When people go to see the flowers they often become exhilarated. Just hear how he is carrying on! He swears he never saw his wife before, and says his name is Jingo Kogo."

"I reckon he's so disguised with liquor that when he looks in the mirror he does not know himself," observed Orville. "I am sorry; I don't like my friends to make idiots of themselves."

As he spoke, Hirano came rushing into the room, and exhibiting a wound on his cheek, exclaimed:

"*Hana-dioki ni kizuraita!*" (I have been cut by the sickle-weasel.)

"All right, old gentleman," said Dan; "we'll plaster you up. I have got some paper here that will fix you."

Hirano let the lad doctor him, after which he fell down in the corner of the room and went fast asleep.

"What did he mean by the sickle-weasel?" demanded Orville.

Benkei entered, and, lighting his pipe, looked toward his relative, saying, in a low tone:

"The sickle-weasel is a very strange demon; it is an invisible brute, said to be present in whirlwinds, as an attendant on the dragon and the windjinp, Futen. It takes a deep sleep, did not disturb him.

At breakfast the girls and young men conversed with their guests concerning the picnic, but none of them referred to Hirano's intemperance. they having too much respect for their parent to talk about his weaknesses.

"It seems to me," said Orville to his brother, "our host won't be in a fit state to accompany us to-day. Let us ask his son to show us how he manufactures vegetable-wax."

Dan thought this a wise idea, and, upon making their desire known, young Hirano invited them to go with him to his shop, which was in the next street.

"You have come at a good time to see the process in full operation," he said. "Formerly this work was done by the growers of the berries, and the result was many qualities of wax. Now, I use machinery, and turn out an article of uniform purity. This," stopping before quite an extensive establishment, open to the street, "is my factory. Come through to the rear buildings and I will show you the berries."

The lads followed him out of one apartment into another, until they had passed right through the block, and found themselves in a big shed on the back street.

Here everything was bustle and apparent confusion. However, the visitors soon discovered that the business was conducted in a very systematic manner.

A string of carriers, bearing bags of the berries, came in at the right entrance, where their burdens were weighed and receipts given them, after which they once more picked up their loads and stacked them in piles on the right and left, or carried them into an adjoining shed.

"These packages here," said young Hirano, "contain the berries of the lacchco, wild wax-tree. The bags taken into yonder warehouse are filled with those of the lacquer. We prepare each kind separately. Now come with me and I will show you the first process."

He opened a door and they passed into a building, the atmosphere of which was laden with fine particles of dust, so dense they could scarcely see what was going on.

Taking up a handful of the berries, he exhibited them to the boys, and Dan said:

"They are but bunches of small peas. I don't see where the wax comes from."

Their guide bruised some of the sample in his hand and showed his visitors a green substance, lying between the kernel and the outer skin; then said:

"You will observe this thin shell is lined with a sort of membrane, and that it cracks off with pressure. By placing the berries in these round bamboo cages we remove the dry husk, in the shape of dust, and leave the wax on the kernel. When this is accomplished they are carried into the next place."

The party moved into another room and saw the decorticated berries poured into big vats, the bottoms of which were made of woven bamboo, so as to admit the steam from pans of water placed beneath.

"This," said their guide, "expands and softens the wax, without cooking it, and when the mass is thoroughly steamed we fill these bags, add a small quantity of *Ye no aburu* oil to each, and then convey them to the press-room."

"How nice the place smells!" said Dan, as they accompanied him to the next apartment. "It reminds me of a brewery at home."

Young Hirano smiled at this speech, and, pointing to a row of presses, very much resembling those we use for making cider, said:

"I believe these are the only ones in Japan. I imported them from New York, and in six months they have more than saved their cost. Formerly we did this work with little wooden wedge-presses."

One of the receivers being empty, he directed the men to fill it with the warm berries and show his friends how the wax was produced.

The operators worked with great rapidity, and, manning the handles, which were up among the beams, soon sent a green, greasy substance squirming from the lower part of the press. This was scraped off by squatting figures, armed with wooden spatulas, and placed in cakes lined with paper.

"What do you do with the refuse?" inquired Dan, when the press had ceased to give out moisture and the men removed a cake of seed from it.

"We dry that for fuel," was the answer. "The furnaces under the steaming-vats are fed with it."

"But how do you make wax of this paste?" asked Orville.

Their guide once more motioned them to follow him, and they presently found themselves in an apartment containing a number of immense round vats, about four feet in height.

"That paste, as you call it," smilingly remarked the young man, "contains three substances—pure wax, *Ye no aburu* oil and water. We separate them by letting the paste settle for several weeks in these vessels. When the frost comes we draw off the water which forms at the top of the vat, then the oil congeals and is removed in a semi-liquid state and used over again, while the pure wax is found in a solid mass of greenish color. This we press into square cakes, dry on shelves in another apartment, and, in the Spring, plane into shavings, which we bleach in the sun and air until they are of pure white color and free from odor. I have eight rooms containing these vats, and one in which I melt the shavings of white wax and form them into squares for the market."

"Do you bleach all the wax you prepare?" said Dan.

"Most of the candles we've seen were made of the green stuff."

"I understand," was the rejoinder. "Poor people use it on account of its cheapness; but it is asserted that, in burning, the unbleached article gives off a poisonous vapor, and wealthy persons prefer the white as being more healthy. I bleach all I make."

"How much do you get a cake for this?" said Orville, picking up a piece weighing a *kin* (about one and one-third pounds American).

"Two thousand cash," replied Hirano, Junior. "Sometimes I sell it to candlemakers, and at others exchange it for berries with the farmers. I hear there is a demand for this substance in the United States, and that the Yokio merchants are shipping quantities of it to New York. One thing is certain, if we had a larger market we could produce twice as much as we now do."

"Well, young gentlemen," exclaimed Hirano, Senior, who just then entered the place, looking as bright as a button, "I've been searching for you all the morning."

The boys winked at one another, and Dan significantly replied:

"I hope you are not offended at our causing you so much trouble?"

"Oh, no," he chuckled. "After going to see the flowers no one is supposed to be capable of very great exertion, so I did not call you as early as usual. Come, I am ready to initiate you in the art and mystery of lacquering wooden-ware."

CHAPTER XLII.

ORVILLE AND DAN LEARN HOW THE JAPANESE MAKE THEIR BEAUTIFUL LACQUER-WARE.

IT was some distance from the vegetable-wax factory to the quarter inhabited by the makers of lacquer-ware, and on the way thither old Hirano amused the boys with a sort of temperance lecture.

"Ah!" he would exclaim, pointing to a *saké* shop, "that is the curse of this country. When the gods gave it to us they never intended it should be drunk like water. I hope you do not feel the effects of what you swallowed yesterday?"

"Not at all," innocently replied Dan. "Do you, sir?"

"Oh, no," he answered; "I am a most abstemious man. I drank very little. By-the-way, I hope you will excuse me for not accompanying you home to my house. It took me nearly all night to see my friends safely to bed."

The lads and their guide winked at each other, and Orville slyly inquired:

"How did you get that wound on your cheek, sir?"

"From a sickle-weasel," he gravely answered. "These monsters are angry when drunken and convivial folks, whom, on account of their helplessness, they like to attack. I had to suffer for the sins of my fellow Kite-flyers. Have you no sickle-weasels in your country?"

"No," chuckled Orville. "Sometimes our people go on a larger excursion or other junketing, and take too much lemon-soda, and get clubbed by a police officer, which, I suppose, amounts to about the same as being cut by a sickle-weasel. We find folks are pretty shy of such in the world. My father and mother taught us never to indulge in *saké*, or anything of that kind, unless we are ordered to do so by the doctor."

"I agree with them," said Hirano, passing his hand across his throbbing temples. "I wonder what has given me such a headache?"

"Perhaps a cup of *saké* would cure you," insinuated Dan.

"I think you are right," said Hirano. "Here we are at our destination. All the people of this street are in my employ."

As in every other industry the workmen were seated in the front room of their houses, following their occupations in full sight of the passers-by.

"This is Ishioka," he said, as they entered the first shop. "He makes beautiful black lacquer bowls, and will give you every information about them. I will leave you with him while I go and consult my doctor."

When the old gentleman had departed, Ishioka smilingly remarked:

"The medicine our master wants is not obtained at a doctor's."

The lads did not take any notice of this, but asked him to show them his wares.

The man exhibited a number of bowls turned out of light pine-wood, and said:

"These are made to my order, and, you see, are as smooth as glass. We strain some of the priming lacquer, and add to it a fine powder of stone or burnt clay-dust, mixing as much as we require for immediate use, and applying it evenly with a stiff, flat brush."

"How do you thin the stuff if it gets too dry?" asked Orville. "Do you add spirits?"

"Oh, no," replied the man; "it would not mix with lacquer. If the latter becomes too thick we crush some bits of camphor and stir them into it."

"I should never have thought of doing that," remarked Dan. "We thin down our varnish with spirits of wine or turpentine."

"Lacquer is not a varnish," said Ishioka. "Its nature has always puzzled foreigners."

He showed them bowls of all sizes, and leading the lads from one workman to another, explained the various processes.

"You see," he observed, "this first coating is of very hard lacquer; the next two applications are the same material, and when they have dried we place the article in a lathe, and grind and smooth the surface with a stone, and that done, apply a thin coat of the finest black lacquer, after which we place the bowl in a wooden box lined with wet paper, and set the room to the steaming-vats. We then rub it with a powder made of deer-horn, and give it several more coatings of the fine lacquer, polishing it each time as before."

"How often do you repeat that process?" inquired Orville, who had listened most attentively to the speaker. "And how long does it take before a bowl is ready to receive its ornamentation?"

"We lacquer and polish some of them twenty times," replied Ishioka, "and the operation requires as many days. If the articles are to be painted or gilded I send them to the artists, and when they are returned to me I put on more coats of lacquer, polishing each with powder, and as a final glaze using a coat of *nashiji urushi* (black lacquer in which is stirred a small quantity of gamboge). These bowls, as you see, are jet-black in color, hard as a flint, and as shiny as glass. They will stand hot water, frost and constant wear, and are used by the most wealthy people, who prefer them to the finest porcelain."

"Does not the lacquer poison the food?" inquired Dan.

"No," said the man, "it is the exhalation of the damp article that injures folks. You need not be afraid of infection from the stuff when it is dry. I shall pack up two of my best specimens for your acceptance. Please do not offer to pay me."

They thanked him for his generosity, and chatted about his goods until Hirano returned.

"Did you see your doctor?" said Orville.

The old gentleman licked his lips and merrily replied:

"No, he was not at home, so I took a small cup of very fine *saké* as a medicine."

For a third time Orville and Dan exchanged winks, then said *Sai-o-nara* to Ishioka and quitted the shop, the man promising to send the bowls to their friend's house.

"Come," said their guide, "in the next shop they make trays. I do quite a business in these articles."

They found the process very similar to that of lacquering bowls—with this exception, the first layers were mixed with vermilion, or other coloring powder, and the artists decorated the wares on the premises.

The same number of coats seemed to be applied as to the black bowls, and each application was hardened by the goods being placed in damp boxes.

The rest of the morning was spent in visiting people who made lacquer cabinets, and in one of the shops the brothers saw raised figures on the panels and lacquer molding that could be carved into any shape and encrusted with mother-of-pearl, ivory, silver or gold.

"How is this done?" said Dan, appealing to a workman who had fixed a mass of thin rock-like substance upon the front of a beautiful cabinet, and was carving it into a representation of flying cranes.

"I will show you," said the master of the shop, pointing to another piece of furniture. "You see it would be impossible to stick figures on to this and polish over them, so we have found a way to thicken the lacquer with bean-powder or the white of eggs. This adheres to the surface and cannot be easily chipped, and we can carve it into any shape we like. If we desire to make rock-work we stir the white of an egg into some fine, black lacquer, which makes a still harder paste than the one I have told you about. This will bear a high polish."

"I see," said Dan, in a musing tone, "there are a thousand ways of using this wonderful production of your trees, but they all require great care and skill in their manipulation. We Americans can learn anything, and could use your lacquer to great advantage, though I think unless our workmen were to see it applied, as we have done, the result of their labor would not be as good as yours. You certainly take the first rank in this art."

They thanked the manufacturer for his information, then proceeded to Hirano's warehouse, which contained many thousand boxes of lacquered goods.

"Are these for the States?" asked Orville.

"Oh, dear, no," was their friend's response. "I do not believe any of my wares have ever been sent there. What you see here are made for sale in this city. The foreign markets are supplied by the manufacturers of Tokio, Osaka and Kioto, whose workmen far excel ours in finish and delicacy of execution. I will have specimens of our poor productions packed and forwarded to Yokohama for you to take to your parents."

The boys expressed their gratitude, and were quitting the building when their bearers came rushing up to them, shouting excitedly:

"Come to the house at once; there is a messenger awaiting you from the Mikado. He is the bearer of an important dispatch."

As may be imagined, the brothers hurried back to the house, where they found an almost nude runner, who, on seeing them, fell upon his hands and knees, and bowed his head nine times; then, taking a letter out of his girdle, handed it to Orville, saying:

"From the great American in Tokio."

CHAPTER XLIII.

THE BOYS RECEIVE A MYSTERIOUS MESSAGE.

ORVILLE tore open the envelope, and glancing at the contents, said to his brother:

"This is from the United States Minister in Tokio. He wishes to know if we are the sons of Mr. Fillamore, of Cooperstown, in which case we are to go on to the capital as soon as possible, he having received an important communication from our parents."

"I wonder what it can be about?" murmured Dan. "I should think by this note that father and mother are well."

"Give it up," said Orv. "The only thing for us to do is to start as soon as Ben is strong enough to travel." Then, turning to the messenger, he inquired, "Why was this not sent by post?"

Of course the man could not say, he being merely the person employed on the last part of the route; however, he explained why a Mikado's runner came to be used for the transmission of the minister's letter.

It appeared that the establishment of the telegraph had almost starved a large body of men engaged as dispatch-bearers to the Emperor, who, on hearing of their miserable state, had given them permission to enter the service of foreigners.

After the brothers had consulted a while they asked the runner how long it would take to send a return message to Tokio, when he informed them one could be delivered in two days.

"It is not the distance the men will have to travel," remarked Hirano, "but the nature of the country that will prevent them from going quicker. They run day and night, and earn their money."

Orville bade the messenger go to an inn and refresh himself and be back in an hour, then asked Benkei how long it would be before he was able to start.

"I can go in a norimono," he replied. "Do not wait for me if you are anxious to get away."

"Do you for a moment imagine we would leave you?" said Dan. "We know our parents are well; therefore are content to wait until we reach Tokio for the information they have communicated."

"Can't you telegraph to the Minister?" suggested Benkei. "He can send a reply to await you at Tochigi, in the province of Shimotsuke."

The boys consulted their map of Japan, and after talking over the matter, Orville wrote the following letter:

"Wakamatsu, Iwashiro, Sept. 14th, 18—.

"*To the Hon. —— —, U. S. Minister, Tokio.*

"SIR—I have received your communication, the

contents of which greatly puzzle both myself and brother. We will at once proceed by the most direct route to the capital; meantime, will you do us the favor to telegraph your news to Tochigi, as we are most anxious to learn all about it? Remaining

"Very respectfully yours,

"ORVILLE FILLAMORE."

When the runner presented himself Dan gave him this letter and inquired how much they had to pay.

"Nothing," answered the man. "The American Daimio employs me."

In another moment he was off, at a sharp run, followed by a number of children, who had gathered round the door to watch his departure.

As Orville and Dan began to arrange their baggage, they asked Benkei what was the meaning of the figure tattooed on the messenger's back and breast.

"For—what did you take it?" he inquired.

"I thought it was a problem in geometry," said Dan.

"Oh, no," answered Ben; "it is the *mon* or crest of the Mikado, and is supposed to represent a chrysanthemum. The design is very old, and when it was adopted our people could not draw as well as they do now."

"So I should think," chuckled Orv. "I took it for a Catherine-wheel in full spin."

"Boys," gravely observed Benkei, "don't poke fun at the insignia of our good Emperor. How would you like me to ridicule the eagle on your new dollar?"

"You couldn't think less of the design than we do," said Orv. "It's a queer old fowl, any how, and was, I believe, designed by Sitting Bull, the big Indian, who was temporarily out of a job. I won't make any more fun of your chrysanthemum. Say, Ben, do you think we can leave here to-night?"

"Oh, no," he pleaded; "wait until sunrise to-morrow. My aunt will be bitterly disappointed if we do not remain one night more. I forgot to ask you if you bought a mermaid the other day?"

"No," put in Dan; "the old dodger could not supply us with an aquarium; besides, we didn't think any of his mermaids were good-looking enough to take home."

"Then he has got some live ones, has he?" asked Ben, opening his eyes to their fullest extent. "I've read and heard tell of these things, but never before met with a person who had seen a living specimen. I must go this evening and behold them for myself. Buddhism is not such a fraud, after all."

"What do you mean?" demanded Orville.

"Well, this," he said. "In many of our temples we have a beautiful image of the mermaid, which is worshiped by sailors and fishermen. In the pedestal of the figure at Iburi was a hole, shaped like a tomb, containing a horrible, dried-up, musty old thing, which my uncle said was the original body of the goddess. To tell you the truth, I always thought it was made out of a monkey and a fish-skin. How death alters a person's features!"

The brothers laughed at him, and related their experience with the manufacturer of mermaids.

"You are smart," said Benkei; "you discover everything. Will you kindly inform me how to get this pomade out of my hair? It gives me a headache."

They advised him to bathe it in spirits of wine, which he did, and presently got rid of the sticky substance.

"Come," cried Mrs. Hirano, "we are all ready to eat. Are you gentlemen not hungry? You went without your midday meal."

"We will be with you in a moment," said Dan, and as they concluded packing he whispered to Benkei, "Say, old fellow, how did your uncle contrive to get round so quickly?"

"He sat in very hot water for several hours," was the reply, "and the spirit in his body passed off out of his head. Is not that your way of sobering a man?"

"Not quite," grinned Orv. "When an American indulges in too much whisky he usually puts into hot water of another kind. Your idea of boiling the liquor out of a man is very novel, though, from what your relative told us, he took very little *saké*, it must have been the perfume of the flowers that affected him."

Ben twitched his mouth and replied:

"We have a saying 'When men go junketing the flowers find the *saké* cup often smell the same!'"

In a few moments they were gathered in the family dining-room, the little tables of which were laden with most delicate food, while the ladies were dressed in beautiful garments, in honor of the approaching departure of their guests.

"What is this?" said Orville, pointing to a bowl of red rice, placed in the centre of his table.

"That is *O-sekki-shi*" (lucky rice), said their hostess. "See how bright it is. When I heard you were going to leave us I put some scarlet beans in the rice-pot. You are about to be very fortunate."

"How do you know?" he inquired.

"Because, if you were not, the rice would be of a dull color; now it is beautiful, and, mark my words, upon reaching Tokio you boys will hear good news."

"I hope so," they answered.

"My friends," said Hirano, as they concluded their meal, "we have a custom of drinking prosperity to those who are going upon a journey," saying which he filled a large bowl with warm *saké*, sipped from it, wiped the rim with a paper napkin, and passed it to Orv, remarking, "You must not refuse this."

The lads were too courteous to decline, and each of them swallowed a mouthful; then handed the cup to the next person, thus showing their good sense.

Had they refused to join in this observance their friends would have felt humiliated; as it was, their acquiescence gave the good people great pleasure.

When the ceremony was over Mrs. Hirano and her daughters invited them into the audience-room, where they found a number of pretty girls assembled, and after they were introduced, the ladies performed one of their national dances, which consisted of a slow, circular movement, accompanied with a clapping of hands.

"Wouldn't they enjoy waltzing!" whispered Orville to his brother, as they watched the merry faces.

"Yes," replied Dan, "but I don't think it would be an improvement upon this. How gracefully they move! The only defect is they have no partners."

The next dance showed he was mistaken, for the young men stood up with the ladies, and Orville and Dan were invited to do the same.

Instead of the couples joining hands they alternately advanced and retreated, opposite one another, and at certain intervals received little packages from Mrs. Hirano, who acted as master of ceremonies.

When the dance was over they opened their gifts, which proved to contain paper masks, head-dresses and comical ornaments.

"Why, this is like our German," said Orville. "Where did you learn it?"

"It is a very ancient dance," said Miss Tofu, who was his partner. "Our nation has known it ever since the gods peopled the earth. You must have copied it from us."

They had a good time, Orville playing the Japanese banjo and Ben and his brother singing.

All felt heartily sorry when the parents of the young lady visitors arrived with lanterns, and they parted with their new acquaintances, who, as they retired, cried in chorus:

"*Sai-o-nara! Sai-o-nara!*"

(To be continued.)

"Orville and Dan" was commenced in No. 671.

LONG JIM, THE SCOUT;

Or,

The Death Valley of the Apaches.

By HENRY R. BRISBANE.

CHAPTER X.

HOW IT HAPPENED—TWO SENTINELS—AN ALARMING OCCURRENCE.

IT seemed like some wonderful dream to Dick Harrod.

While prowling along the small, wooded island, searching for friend or enemy, as the case might be, he was arrested by the stealthy rustling of some one among the undergrowth. Challenging the individual, under the faint hope that it was the young man from whom he had parted but such a brief time before, he found that instead it was Inez Melville!

Scarcely was the lovely girl clasped in his arms when she replied to his amazed questions by saying that she believed her two companions were in the hands of the Apaches that had been hunting them for the last few hours.

When she recovered her self-possession he inquired with the same eager anxiety as to how it was that amid such an overwhelming calamity she was able to escape, and was here without her horse, groping her way over the island.

"I scarcely know myself," she answered, as she proceeded to give, as well as she could, in her excited frame of mind, the particulars of what had befallen them since the departure of her lover on his scout.

It appeared from what she said that the three whom he left behind were less suspicious of the Indian than was he.

And they suspected no harm, until startled and alarmed by the sound of the rifle.

This caused some inquiry and speculation. The hope was that it only marked the shooting of some game, but it was not in any such lucky, especially, was filled with the most tormenting misgivings.

When, at last, like the blast of thunder in the clear sky, they all heard the shout of Dick, warning them that the Apaches were after him, the consternation was overwhelming.

For a minute or so they were bewildered by the astounding danger, and knew not the direction in which they ought to turn, or whether there was any use in attempting to do anything at all.

The maids were in the habit of dashing back into the country, over the trail they had followed up to this point, but McCormick opposed.

"You noticed the direction of Dick," said he. "He and the redskins are more behind us than anywhere else, and if we turn back, we shall run into their power at once."

"But our horses are faster than theirs, or at least as fast," said Flora, who was the most excited; "and suppose they are there, they can't catch us."

"It will make no difference on that account," replied McCormick, who was more sensible than would have been supposed, considering the short-sightedness he had displayed from the beginning. "It makes no difference if we can outspeed every one of them. If we run into their hands, there we'll be; and if they can't reach out and take us, they can bring us down with their rifles. No; it won't do."

The last words were uttered in that emphatic tone that showed the man understood the need of taking the management of affairs in his own hands.

"Then shall we stay here and wait till they come down and take us?" was the natural query of Inez.

"I don't know but what it will be about as well as anything, for the road on our right and left is no road at all."

"You may stay, but I shall not," replied Inez, with something of the military decision of her father. "When we have the means of flight we shall be mad not to use it."

This promptness and decision of character on the part of the girl was the cause of the others making some intelligent attempt at escape.

McCormick, it must not be supposed, was childish enough to remain where they were and allow the Apaches to come down and claim them for their own.

His proposition, as he explained, was that they should keep silent and motionless until they could gain some certain knowledge of the precise whereabouts of the redskins and then govern themselves accordingly.

Flora was so terrified by the suddenness of the peril that she could only moan and cover her face with her hands, as if to shut out the awful sight of her own destruction.

Inez announced her intention of going ahead.

"That is the route to Marble Ranch," said she, pointing out in the gloom toward the island in the stream.

"But there lies the river," said Dick, disposed to magnify the danger as much as possible.

"Our horses can pass it as they have done with other streams before this."

"But it may be over their heads," suggested Flora, arousing herself at the prospect of something like decisive action.

"And they can swim; come on, or stay there, as you choose."

The frightful nature of the danger made Inez more sharp in her words than would have been the case at any other time.

It was well that she was so, for her spirit was contagious, and as she started toward the stream so near at hand, McCormick anticipated her and spurred his horse so promptly that he maintained his place at the head of the others.

"Not too fast," he said, by way of precaution, as he drew his steed down to the slowest walk, on the edge of the water. "At such a time as this the slightest sound will betray us."

They fairly held their breath, as they followed, watching the mustang in their front, expecting to see him sink beneath his depth.

As the reader has learned, they were saved this annoyance, as the stream was nowhere deep enough to touch the skirts of their garments gathered about their feet.

When they reached the island another consultation took place, for they were sorely puzzled as to what they ought to do.

The island was so well covered with the stunted undergrowth that McCormick was disposed to think the best thing they could do was to use it for a hiding-place until they should become satisfied that it was safe to leave it and cross to the mainland.

This indecision was increased by their consideration for Dick, of whose impending movements they could form no idea.

They had little, if any, fear that he had suffered any from the mishap, for they knew the great speed of his horse.

But if they should take to the mainland and continue their flight, they could not fail to increase immeasurably the difficulty of reuniting with him.

This, as was natural, was very distasteful to Inez, who had been in the company of the gentleman long enough to form a respect and friendship for him that bordered closely upon a still deeper and tenderer sentiment.

It was generally agreed that the better course would be to stay where they were, for a time, at least, until there were signs of the coming of Dick, or some way should open to communicate with him, when they would be freer to make a change of base.

This having been decided upon, Inez suggested that they should separate, and keep a watch over the island, so as to prevent a party of Apaches visiting it without giving them some warning of their coming, so that they might prepare for the same.

It did not occur to any of the whites that it was possible that some of the hated enemies were already here.

The suggestion was a good one, though the plan of separating the ladies not only from their escort, but from each other, was not pleasant to McCormick, nor particularly relished by Flora; nevertheless, the situation was looked upon as of that nature that it was adopted with little delay.

It fell to the lot of Inez to take the post on the upper end of the island, where she placed herself, pistol in hand, with as much determined bravery, as if she was conscious that the fate of an empire depended upon her vigilance.

Inez was not certain, but she suspected that McCormick and Flora took stations not very far apart—in fact, so near together that for all practical purposes it may be said they were in each other's company.

Be that as it may, she was resolved to do her duty, and she stationed herself in the best place to command a view of the approaches to the island.

By the time this was fully done, it was dark, and the faint moon gave such an uncertain light that she felt there was little likelihood of her detecting the approach of any Indian, if he should take the least precaution against discovery.

However, the brave girl had been there but a short time when she became convinced that there were some of her enemies making their way to the spot.

What alarmed her was the fact that they seemed to be coming from the other end—the very point which she and her friends looked upon as a refuge—which, once reached, would secure them against all molestation from the redskins.

She heard the plash of water, and the low grumble of voices, the sounds being of that character that there could be no doubt that they were those belonging to the redskins.

The darkness was such that she could see nothing of them so long as they were in the river, but she heard the horses as they came out the edge of water, and she caught sight of several shadowy figures of men and animals close to where she understood the station of McCormick and Flora was.

Inez was scarcely through her scrutiny of these when she detected the stealing from the other direction, and she began to think that in taking refuge here they had unconsciously placed themselves in a favorite retreat of the savages themselves.

It looked as if none of these redskins were aware of the presence of the whites on the island, because they would have used more care in approaching it.

Inez was particularly interested in the last Indian, for the reason that he seemed to be aiming for the spot where she stood.

She was none the less resolved to stand her ground, and she calmly awaited his approach, keeping herself concealed as much as possible in the undergrowth.

The Apache was on horseback, and he rode his steed to a point within twenty feet of where the fearless maiden was ready, pistol in hand, to meet him.

The darkness was such, and there was so much similarity in the appearance of all Indian warriors, that Inez held no suspicion that she had ever looked upon this one before.

Dick, however, was quite certain that the Indian was one whom they had befriended, just after starting out upon the plains, and who at the time showed especial gratitude to Inez, who was very kind to him.

Though, for all that, he would have brained you on the spot, if he is like the rest of his people."

"You forget I had a loaded pistol," was the quiet remark of Inez.

"I had forgotten that," said Dick, with kindling eye, "though I could never forget that you are one of the bravest girls that ever lived."

The redskin, whose identity was unsuspected by her until this moment, went off after stationing his horse where he would be within instant call, taking the direction of the other savages that had landed before.

Inez had noticed previous to this that several signals passed between the two parties so that there must have been a full understanding on their part regarding the movements of each other.

Her expectation was that these Indians would secure McCormick and Flora, and then return and take her.

It was out of her power to do anything except to wait and ask heaven to watch over them all.

A half hour of the most intense suspense passed, when, hearing nothing, she ventured to start on an examination of the island, in the hope of learning what had become of her friends.

She made the tour of the piece of land from end to end, with the astounding result of finding that there was no one on it beside herself.

This filled her with despair, and she was wondering whether there was any possible way by which she could extricate herself from her terrible dilemma, when her unusually sensitive ear told her there was another arrival upon the island, and she was satisfied that it was useless for her to strive further against fate.

The meanderings of the man, however, raised a hope that the visitor, instead of being an enemy, was a friend, and we have shown the manner in which the two lovers met.

Now that Dick had heard the whole story from the lips of Inez, he was as much at a loss as she to decide what was the best course that opened before them.

"I cannot understand," said he, "how it was that McCormick and Flora have disappeared in such a way that you received no warning of their departure. Was there no plashing of the water to let you know that something was going on?"

"I never listened more closely in all my life, and I never failed to hear more utterly the slightest sound that could mean anything of the kind."

"If I had not been over the island myself I would be certain that you had committed some error, and that the Apaches had the folks in hiding somewhere near at hand."

"That cannot be. And what do you think has become of Flora and Will?"

"I have scarcely a doubt that the Indians have taken both and gone off with them."

"Why did they depart without making a hunt for me?"

"Do you know whether your horse is still on the island or not?"

"He is precisely where I left him; I saw him but a few minutes ago."

"This suggests a theory. That Apache who came on the island after the others, I have no doubt, is the one who played his infernal trick on us. But, for all that, he has found out that you are here, and he has had enough glimmerings of manliness about him to let you go—that is, instead of putting you to death as they mean to do with Flora and Will, he has been magnanimous enough to allow you to starve, to perish alone. He let you choose your own method of death instead of selecting it for you himself."

"But the other Indians were not inspired by the same motives."

"He could not influence them in a matter of that kind, if it was necessary to use any influence."

"If he was that friendly to me, he might be as well disposed toward you."

"No; nothing would give him greater pleasure than to take my scalp."

"If he was so disposed toward me, why did he not manifest it in some substantial way, instead of leaving me alone?"

"That isn't Apache nature, and the wonder to me is that he was so forgetful of his malignity that he consented to forego the bliss of putting you to death?"

"Is it not possible that Flora and Will have managed to get away, for all they were placed in so much danger?"

"Nothing is impossible in this world, but I can hold scarcely a doubt that the couple are gone beyond recovery."

"What will become of them?" asked Inez, in a horrified voice.

"Let us not discuss the question," replied Dick, as tenderly as he could; "they are in the hands of Heaven, that doeth all things well. Sad as it is, it is beyond our power to help them, and the duty for us to face is as to what we can do to repair the awful mistake we made in venturing upon such a wild journey as this. Is there any proposal, Inez, that you can make?"

"I have a lingering hope that Will and Flora may be out of the power of the Apaches, and that we ought to wait here for a while, for they will look for us in this place, and, finding us not, they will be at a loss as to where they shall go. They may have discovered the Indians making their way to their hiding-place, and seeing nothing else to do, have ridden softly into the water, and made their way to the mainland."

This theory of the maiden was scarcely tenable, and yet there was just the barest possibility that it was correct; the fact that Inez had heard no sound to betray the departure of the Indians looking as if the whites had gotten away with the utmost caution.

There was the fear that they placed themselves in the greater danger that operated to lead Dick to leave the spot, and yet he naturally dreaded to do anything that could possibly work to the injury of the couple that had disappeared so strangely.

"It looks as if the warriors had gone on beyond us," added Inez, at the moment her lover was turning the question over in his mind, "and we shall be as safe here as anywhere."

"We'll stay until morning, anyway," he said, showing that his mind was made up on that point.

This decision having been arrived at, it remained to decide how the intervening time should be passed.

The indications were that these savages were on the opposite side of the river, and quite as likely to appear from one point as the other.

The lady, therefore, declared that she would keep watch on one shore, while he should on the other.

Dick's desire for the company of the maiden led him to oppose the plan, and to recommend that they continue together.

But she would not consent, and bidding him good-by for the time, she made her way stealthily as an Indian to a position which commanded a view—now that the moon was up—of the land to the north of the island, it not having been reached as yet by the lovers.

"She is right," muttered Dick, as he wended his way to his station. "She has more sense than all the rest together, the only time she forgot herself being when she consented to take part in this insane expedition."

As the young man placed himself he was on one side of the island, while Inez was on the other, both being rather nearer the upper than the lower extremity.

The patch of land was so narrow that they could communicate with each other, in a guarded way, if necessary, though neither attempted anything like a conversation.

The occasion was too solemn, and there was too much serious work on hand for anything like trifling, or for them to speak unless the necessity therefor should arise.

Dick looked off toward the shore, dimly seen in the faint moonlight, and he listened for the signs of the coming of the Apaches that had compelled the lovers to take refuge in this singular place.

The moon was riding high, and just as he took his position a mass of clouds floated by, permitting a flood of light to fall upon the wood and stream, illuminating it as had not been done since night closed in about them.

The mainland was so distinctly marked that the watcher would have detected the movement of any animal upon the shore, and he ran his eye along the rim of the water, resolved to take advantage of this opportunity while it remained. To his great relief, nothing was seen, and he began to entertain the hope that the night would be permitted to pass away without any further disturbance from his foes.

In less than half an hour, however, he was surprised by the stealthy footstep of Inez at his side.

She was in a great state of excitement, for she had made a startling discovery.

CHAPTER XI.

MYSTERIOUS DOINGS.

"WELL, what is it, Inez?" asked Dick Harrod, turning sharply about as he recognized the light, fawn-like step of the girl.

"My horse is gone!" she answered, almost breathless in her astonishment and alarm.

"Is that all?" asked Dick again, laughing in spite of himself at the ludicrous turn the matter took.

"Is that all?" she repeated. "Isn't that enough? What more could there be?"

"A great deal. You might be missing, and that would be infinitely the worst thing that could happen."

"But I don't understand what has become of the mustang; I haven't heard anything, and he has gone away just as noiselessly as did Will and Flora. The next thing you will leave me in the same way."

"Never, Inez! never!" he exclaimed, impulsively. "Nothing but death shall separate you and me. But did you notice whether the steed was there when you left me a little while ago?"

"No, I didn't look; but thought that, as he was there such a short time before, that he could not have vanished while we were talking. But it may have been."

"Let us see."

As Dick spoke he led the way toward the station of the girl, who remained in a great state of agitation.

When the spot was reached, only a short distance off, Inez pointed out the place where he was left, and where, most unmistakably, he was not at present.

"I see nothing particularly alarming in that," said Dick, in his off-hand way; "he has got tired of standing in one spot, and has moved off on a little tour of his own. He will be found all right in the morning, and perhaps sooner."

"How can that be," asked the astonished Inez, "when I tied him so securely that there was no way in which he could get away?"

Ah! that puts a different face on the matter.

Harrod had no suspicion that the mustang was secured at the moment he made his jesting remark.

He was somewhat alarmed as well as puzzled at the aspect this put on affairs.

He inquired particularly as to how the animal was secured.

Inez, in tying the mustang, adopted a favorite plan of hers, which consisted in unbuckling the rein and fastening it to a limb. There was enough strap to afford room for the beast to crop the grass and to prevent any danger of his becoming entangled in the fastening.

True, in making their encampment on the prairie, where no danger was feared, they frequently allowed their animals free rope, but the circumstances of to-night fully warranted Inez in taking extra precautions.

Dick had not hunted three minutes when he discovered the secret of the disappearance of the mustang.

A part of the rein by which he was secured to the limb of the tree was still there, and passing his hand over it, found that it had been cut in two with a knife.

All this implied, of course, that the horse had been stolen by some daring Indian that had managed to crawl up unobserved and get the animal away from a point within a very short distance of the spot where the owner was diligently watching.

It not only implied this much, but it intimated pretty clearly that in this game of hide-and-seek the Apaches were able to teach the whites.

It was proven beyond question that one of the Apaches had shown his contempt of the vigilance and watchfulness of the fugitives by stealing up and taking a horse from beneath their very eyes.

"There is no denying that," said Dick, when he had carefully canvassed the case; "and if they have taken *mine*, we are in as bad a condition as is possible."

His heart sank at the thought, for their situation would be a hopeless one indeed, if they were deprived of the mustangs possessing such matchless speed and endurance, when the other and only horse was gone beyond recovery.

His relief was correspondingly great, when he found his splendid steed precisely as he was left—not fastened at all, but near the spot, dropping the scant grass, like a sensible horse that believes in improving the chances as they came.

He gave a faint whinny of pleasure as he recognized his master, and rubbed his nose against his shoulder, as if to testify his devotion to him. "My good fellow," said Dick, affectionately returning the caress, "no matter who deserts me, you must remain faithful, for by the help of heaven and you we can only escape."

It seemed likely that the same daring redskin that had run off the horse of Inez would try to do the same for her lover, and Dick determined to keep watch, in the hope of detecting him.

"Do you return to your station," said he, in a cautious voice to the girl, "and I will stay here to see whether I can catch the thief."

He did not mention his suspicion to the girl, but he could not rid his mind of the belief that the criminal was the same who had played them false earlier in the evening.

It struck Dick that it might be a part of the dog's plan to deprive them of the means of escape, and then close in upon them and make them prisoners in spite of all they could do to help themselves.

Left to himself, with nothing to do but to watch for one of the most stealthy of foes, the self-imposed task of the young hunter was of the most trying character.

Whoever the Indian might be, he had certainly proven himself one of the shrewdest and most cunning of his tribe.

He had stolen up to the sentinels when they were on their guard, and taken their property almost from their very grasp.

LONG JIM, THE SCOUT.—"THE APACHE WAS ON HORSEBACK, AND HE RODE HIS STEED TO A POINT WITHIN TWENTY FEET OF WHERE THE FEARLESS MAIDEN WAS READY, PISTOL IN HAND, TO MEET HIM."—SEE PAGE 343.

When Dick reflected that the exploit of the savage was not the mere act of cutting loose the rein which held the steed to the tree, but that he had led him to the water and through this to the mainland, he could not but admit that he was as cunning as any of his tribe could well be.

More than once, too, the suspicion came to him that this same wretch must be acquainted with the precise situation, and was indulging a whim in this course of action.

"If he attempts to run off with my mustang," muttered Dick, "I am sure he will not be able to do it without my detection, for the noble animal is not one to allow such a thing to be done except with a protest of some kind."

There was some comfort in this reflection, but it did not satisfy the young hunter entirely.

Added to this was the alarm which he could not but feel on account of Inez, who was keeping watch so faithfully but a short distance off.

Suppose the same daring thief should take it into his head to steal her next time, what was to hinder?

Brave and vigilant as was the girl, this was a kind of business to which she was not accustomed, and in which it was not possible that she was a match for such a veteran as the Apache whom they had to contend against.

Nothing would be more easy for one of those devils than to steal up behind the lady and seize her before she could make any defense, or even call him to her assistance. Besides this, there was the terrible fear about the fate of McCormick and Flora Chandler.

The more Dick Harrod reflected upon it the more convinced did he become that they were gone beyond all hope.

It was out of the power of Harrod to do the least for them, and, indeed, if he could conduct Inez herself through this peril he might set it down as an exploit that was scarcely probable he could do.

As the minutes passed and he failed to hear anything the belief grew upon him that Inez was in the very danger which we have mentioned, and finally he rose to his feet and moved softly to where he had left her.

He found her as wide-awake as ever, with the report that nothing of a suspicious nature had taken place, and when Dick mentioned his fear she laughed, and told him that he was in as much danger as she, and there was no cause for any apprehension of that sort.

The society of the young lady was so enchanting after the dreadful loneliness which he had suffered, that he was loath to tear himself away, and in spite of the line of duty that he had laid down for himself, he would have remained some time longer with her, had he not been startled at that instant by a slight stamp of his horse's foot, which made him certain that something was going on. Catching up his rifle, he moved swiftly and silently toward the spot, ready and determined to shoot the Indian on sight if there was any there or near the spot.

He discovered the steed standing where he was when he left him, and his manner showed that he had seen something to alarm him.

His head was up and his ears thrown forward, while he was breathing fast and was looking sharply in the direction of the river, as though that was the point whence came the danger.

His pose and appearance were precisely those of an Indian pony when he scents the enemy trying to steal into the camp of his master.

"I believe that thief is prowling about here," said Dick to himself as he looked and listened for some clue as to where he was. "I only ask that I may get a chance at him."

While he was thus excited he did not content himself with staying in one place, but he moved stealthily back and forth, resolved to find his enemy if there was any possible way of doing it.

Despite all this care and effort, he was unable to discover or to hear the least thing that could explain the action of the horse.

While he was thus occupied, Inez was fully as much roused, and as desirous as he to learn what it all meant.

Her senses, now that they were excited, were more acute, if possible, than were his; and it may be said that the Lone Wolf himself would have found it a difficult task to approach her unnoticed.

It was this unusual sensitiveness, perhaps, that caused Inez to hear a slight rustle which filled her with the certainty that the Indian was somewhere in her vicinity.

As may be supposed, all her senses were aroused and she raised the hammer of her pistol while she kept herself concealed as much as she could in the grass and undergrowth, so as to give all the advantage of the situation to herself.

The fates had ordained that the first collision since the reunion of the lovers should occur between the foe and her.

It was no more than a minute after the first rustling caught her ear than she heard it again, and so distinctly that she was able to tell the direction whence it came.

It was a little to the right of her, and she silently moved around so as to bring herself face to face with the savage, who doubtless believed that his approach was undetected.

Some minutes now passed, during which nothing at all could be heard but the soft flow of the river, and occasionally the faint stir of the night-wind among the trees and undergrowth.

The Apache was evidently watching, and hearing nothing, it may be that his suspicion was aroused that the coast was not clear.

Whether his intended victim was apprised of his approach or not, it must have been that the reflection that she was nothing but a woman caused him to feel little fear.

Within five minutes the quick ear of Inez told her that he was in motion again, and this time it was in the direction of her hiding-place.

No veteran of a score of campaigns could have been more collected and self-possessed than she.

Her pistol was grasped in the right hand, and all she was waiting for was a sight of the target.

She did not have to wait long.

It so happened at this moment that the clouds, which were occasionally drifting across the moon, once more cleared away, and as the orb was directly overhead, such a flood of light came down that Inez caught the outlines of an Indian, who, crouching upon the earth, at that moment raised himself so as to show his head and shoulders, as he was searching for the maiden, whose precise location he had not fixed in his mind.

ORVILLE AND DAN.—"THE MEMBERS OF THE CLUB GATHERED ROUND THE AMERICANS AND BEGGED THEM TO RELATE THE STORY ABOUT WASHINGTON TO WHICH ORVILLE HAD JUST REFERRED. THE BOY COMPLIED—WINDING UP BY TAKING HIS FLAG AND HOLDING IT ALOFT FOR THEIR ADMIRATION, 'YES, MY FRIENDS, HE NEVER TOLD A LIE.'"—SEE PAGE 341.

EDWARD BURKE, PUPIL OF GRAMMAR SCHOOL NO. 17, BROOKLYN, N. Y.

His posture was such that the moonlight fell directly upon him, and Inez Melville could not have asked a better shot.

There was no more hesitation on the part of Inez than if she were practicing at some artificial target, and the single second that she waited was only for the purpose of making sure that there would be no error when she pulled the trigger.

But in the single breath of time the Apache caught the situation, and said, in a quick undertone:

"Don't fire! Won't hurt!"

As he spoke the hurried words he dropped his head and shoulders to the ground, so that he became half-hidden in the undergrowth, and had the maiden desired to fire she could not have been sure of hitting her mark.

After such an appeal nothing would have induced her to shoot, and she lowered the pistol, believing that he meant to come forward and speak more to her.

But he did not, and a rustling told her that he was retreating.

Quick-witted as Inez always was, she called to him in a cautious undertone, intending her words to reach him only:

"Stop, before I fire!"

The rustling ceased, but she could not see him. He persistently kept out of sight.

"Tell me what you are after!"

There was no answer.

"Tell me where my friends are!"

Still no response, and with a shrewdness that did her credit she instantly added:

"Tell me where all my friends are. Answer me!"

Nevertheless, in the face of this direct command she again caught the gliding, rustling sound that proved the Apache was once more retreating from the presence which he had learned was more dangerous than had at first appeared.

Inez was resolved to force the Indian to terms, and she rose from the ground where she was crouching and stepped hastily to the spot where she had heard the sound but a moment before.

A half dozen steps and she paused, for all was as still as the tomb.

The Apache was cunning enough to keep himself hid, in spite of her efforts to bring him forth.

She listened, and finding all still, she thought she knew where he was prowling, and without the least hesitation she moved to the spot, her footsteps as light and noiseless as the movement of the warrior himself.

It was a perilous thing for the girl to do, even though she held a loaded weapon in her hand.

Standing upright as she did, she must have been in full view of the Apache upon the earth, who could have shot her without the least difficulty.

Or had he chosen to leap up, he might have strangled her as easily as a giant would have crushed an infant to the ground. But there was something in the action of the last few minutes that caused Inez to think he would not attempt it; and, had she been convinced that such was his intention, it would not have restrained her, for there was a confidence in the knowledge that she held a pistol in her right hand, and in the fact that the warrior had retreated before her, that inspired her with a conviction that she was mistress of the situation.

But the trouble was to find precisely where the redskin was crouched in the cover.

She knew he was somewhere within a few feet and within the sound of her voice, even, though she spoke in a whisper. An Indian is accustomed to such cat-like business, and remaining as silent as death, it was impossible to make sure of the exact location of the snake in the grass.

Inez, however, was quite satisfied that in a mass of special darkness, immediately in her front, the redskin was crouching, waiting until she should change her own position enough to allow him to increase the distance between him and her who commanded him with the weapon.

"If you answer me," she added, in the same low voice of deadly earnestness, "I will not fire."

Strong words for a young girl to address to an armed Apache warrior crouching in the grass at her feet!

But, as before, there was no response, and Inez began to lose patience, for she was satisfied by this time that the Indian did not mean to heed her repeated calls.

Enough doubt remained to prevent her firing until she could make certain that the man was there.

Just then, too, the recollection of Flora and Will rushed upon her, and the reflection that this same wretch was the direct cause of their death removed the temporary compassion excited by the appeal the redskin had made a minute before for her to restrain her fire.

It was time thrown away to address any more summonses to him, and with the pistol tightly grasped and her lips compressed, she took three steps forward, and stood so close to the spot which she had fixed upon as the one where the savage was crouching, that it was within her reach.

And then Inez actually thrust her foot forward with the purpose of compelling him to show himself.

But to her chagrin her delicate foot encountered nothing but some matted grass.

The Apache warrior was not there, after all.

Emboldened by her failure, she stooped forward and downward and circled her hand rapidly around the circumscribed space, with the result that all was vacuity, so far as the presence of the Indian whom she was seeking was concerned.

Baffled and angry, she straightened up and looked sharply around, hoping to detect him somewhere within reach.

But fate was not propitious.

The moon that had been shining so clearly for the last few minutes was again eclipsed by a passing cloud, and the gloom was so very dense that one's eyesight was practically useless for the time being.

While she stood in this perplexity and doubt, she once more heard the same rustling, such as a serpent would have made when gliding through the grass, and she knew well enough that it meant that the savage had again taken up his line of retreat, and was already further away than she supposed it possible for him to be.

No doubt when she was listening and summoning an imaginary foe in the grass the Apache was really at work, but doing it so well that his progress was absolutely without any noise at all.

It was only when he became more careless in his movements that she was able to hear him.

When she imagined him to be perfectly motionless, restrained by his fear of her pistol, he was carefully withdrawing from her presence, and to all intents and purposes was beyond her reach.

But Inez was plucky, and determined to the last, and was not ready to give up the curious contest just yet.

Accepting the mistake she had made, she followed up the redskin with the intention of pressing him to the wall, but a brief search in this fashion showed her that she was "overmatched," and that it was useless to hope to get the better of the warrior by the means adopted.

"He has gone," she said, when at last she found herself forced to halt in the search.

She paused in her hunt, and was on the point of turning back, when, as her senses were roused to a tense strain, she heard still another noise, somewhat similar to the first, but from a point behind her, and the conviction flashed upon her that in following a shadow, as it may be said, she had involved herself in a greater labyrinth of peril than ever, and had placed herself at the mercy of others of the hated Apaches, who would not show her that forbearance which, for some reason or other, has been displayed by one of the most treacherous of the tribe.

Still she held the loaded pistol in her hand, ready for instant use, and her trust in heaven's overruling providence was as strong, and her faith in her own ability to defend herself as lofty as ever.

(To be continued.)

"Long Jim, the Scout" was commenced in No. 561.

Distinguished Scholars of Brooklyn (N. Y.) Schools.

EDWARD BURKE,

PUPIL OF GRAMMAR SCHOOL NO. 17, BROOKLYN, N. Y.

EDWARD BURKE is the best scholar in the second grammar class of Grammar School No. 17, Brooklyn, N.Y. When we entered the class-room in company with the Principal of the school he inquired of the teacher, "Who is your smartest boy?" After a moment of reflection she turned toward the class and said, "Stand, Burke." A boy modestly rose, and we noticed that while he seemed somewhat careless about his dress, that he had a large head, with a face of pleasing expression. Every seat in the class-room was filled, and of all the scholars it was now said, that modest Edward Burke was the best. No wonder that he blushed, and even turned pale, when he thus found himself standing on the floor with so many looking at him. We are sure that he will never forget the hour, and that ever since he has felt inspired by it for greater effort. He was born August 15th, 1866, and is, therefore, twelve years of age. He is the son of the late Edward and Catharine Burke. When seven years old he commenced going to school, and after accomplishing all the primary studies he became a pupil in the grammar department of No. 17. He has reached the second class, showing perseverance and intelligence at every step, and it is the opinion of all that he will thus continue to the end. We wish him success, and that in all after-life when duty shall say to him "Stand, Burke," that he may be able to do it as promptly and justly as in the school class.

EMMA J. BENNETT, PUPIL OF GRAMMAR SCHOOL NO. 18, MAUJER STREET, BROOKLYN, N. Y.

EMMA J. BENNETT,

PUPIL OF GRAMMAR SCHOOL NO. 18, MAUJER STREET, BROOKLYN, N. Y.

EMMA J. BENNETT is an exceedingly interesting girl and a most promising scholar. She is a member of Class B first in Grammar School No. 18, Maujer Street, Brooklyn, N. Y. She is the daughter of William and Sarah Bennett. At the age of five years she entered the lowest class of this school, and she has never gone to any other. Term after term they have tought her, and year by year they have seen her grow in stature, and now, after all those terms and all these years, they esteem and love her as they did when she came to the infant class. She has studied hard and successfully. In many classes she has gone quickly from a low rank to the highest in them, and one class she skipped altogether. During the present term she has been perfect all the time. This is the information which we derived from the Principal and the records of the school. Our interview with Miss Bennett herself, when called from her class, impressed us very favorably. Her modesty and her grace of manners, her amiable character as seen in her countenance, and her quick intelligence, all are to be seen and appreciated on the instant. An honor to her school, she is a beautiful illustration of the moral qualities of her sex. Mr. Edward Bush has long been the efficient Principal of Grammar School No. 18, which has a register of about sixteen hundred pupils.

MINNIE'S RESCUE FROM THE WILDS OF SIBERIA;

Or,

The Daring Adventures of Two Brave Boys.

By ROGER STARBUCK.

CHAPTER XIII.

[Continued from page 338.]

ALL at once, one of the Russians looked up at the boys and shook his fist in their faces.

"Work too slow," he cried, angrily—"lazy dogs! Me throw two shovelfuls in cart to your one!"

"You are more used to the 'profession' than we are," said Brian. "We will, however, give you to understand that we do not wish to be called names by a dirty rascal like yourself!"

With a fierce oath the man raised his shovel to strike the speaker on the head.

So sudden was the movement that he must have accomplished his purpose, but for Will, who immediately threw a shovelful of dirt into his face. Sputtering and swearing, half-blinded, the man drew back a moment to wipe off the dirt, which had got into his mouth, his eyes and his nose.

Then he again raised his shovel, and now joined by the other Russian, advanced to the attack.

The boys waited until he was close to them and began to strike out, when they dodged the blows he aimed at them.

Then, all at once, Will ran in and dexterously tripped him up, causing him to fall into the pit.

The other man now attacked them, but dodging his blows, they suddenly contrived to push him into the pit also.

The pit was not more than ten feet deep, for the ground here was very rich, and had begun to pay—that is, to yield particles of gold—even at that short distance.

As both men in falling tumbled upon those at work below, a scene of confusion immediately followed.

There was much loud talking, swearing and wrangling, which, however, was soon quelled by a couple of overseers, who appeared on the scene with their guns.

The discomfited workmen gave them an account of the disturbance unfavorable to the boys, who were thereupon conducted to another part of the claim and set to digging.

The long, weary day wore on, and at last, at nine o'clock, the bell sounded the signal for stopping work.

The boys, much exhausted, threw aside their shovels.

"Thunder! this thing cannot go on," said Will, as the two sat down, aching in every limb.

"No," said Brian, in a low voice. "I am for trying to make our escape this very night."

"We are watched too sharply for that."

"No; I think when we are mixed with the other men we may find a chance to slip away unobserved."

"To be caught again," said Will.

"Work away there; what you stop for?" came the voice of the Russian overseer above them.

"I don't understand you," said Brian. "The bell has sounded for all to knock off."

"You boys make trouble," said the overseer, "and so must punish. Make work till eleven."

The two friends exchanged glances of dismay.

There was, however, no help for it, and so the shovels were again busy.

The voices of the other working people were meanwhile heard, as they passed on their way to the barracks.

"We are the only persons now on the claim," said Will to Brian, as the darkness gathered round them.

"You forget the overseer."

"He has gone, it seems," said Will, looking up.

"He is not far off, you may depend upon it," said Brian.

He ascended the ladder in the pit, and peering over the edge, saw the overseer seated on a log, not many yards off.

At that moment, however, his back was turned to the cavity.

"Now is our time," whispered the youth to his friend. "I think we might get out of the hole, and crawl off without being seen."

"All right," said Will. "I am ready."

The boys were soon out of the hole. They glided swiftly away in the darkness, and finally, going out of the valley, they struck off in a northerly direction.

MINNIE'S RESCUE FROM THE WILDS OF SIBERIA—"'THERE THEY ARE!' CRIED BRIAN, JOYFULLY. THE BOYS HURRIED TO THE SPOT. NEAR THE HORSES STOOD MARINA."

As they were passing a small house near a road they saw the door open, and a light streamed forth, falling full upon their persons.

In the doorway, with an old woman behind her, holding a lamp, stood a young girl.

The rays of the lamp streaming upon her face revealed to the astonished boys the unmistakable features of Brian's sister.

The latter saw the indistinct forms of the two hurrying past the house, and then suddenly stopping to look at her.

This attracted her attention.

The old woman at the same time thrust forth her head, and peered through the partially lighted gloom at the figures.

"Come," whispered Will to his companion; "it is time we were moving on."

The woman now spoke hurriedly to the girl, who laid a hand on her arm and endeavored to detain her, as she suddenly turned and ran in.

A moment later two Bouriaks, armed with guns, rushed out of the house toward the boys.

It was too late to retreat, so they stood their ground.

Minnie ran after them, followed by the elderly female.

The Bouriaks addressed the boys in their own language, which neither could, of course, understand.

Then they spoke to them in broken English.

"Where you go from?"

"We are travelers," said Brian. "I hope you will not detain us."

"Can you show pass?"

"Unfortunately, we lost it," answered Brian.

The Bouriak's stock of English was now nearly exhausted. Neither he nor the two friends could make themselves wholly understood.

The boys, however, comprehended enough to know that the Bouriaks were employed to guard the road at this point, and to examine the passes of travelers.

Meanwhile Minnie, although the light was too imperfect for her to clearly distinguish the faces of the boys, fancied there was something strangely familiar in their tones.

"I believe they are runaways from the mines," said the old woman to her, in Russian.

"No, no; I think not," said Minnie.

Trembling, she advanced closer, and peered into the faces of one of the runaways.

It was, as the voice had led her to suspect, her brother, Brian!

She managed, with difficulty, to keep from crying out.

Something of the truth had flashed upon her mind, and she deemed it best to conduct herself before the watchful old woman and the Bouriaks as if the boys were perfect strangers to her.

Her hand, slightly held up as she advanced toward them, had been understood at once as a sign to them to appear not to recognize her.

"You do not seem to get on very well with these persons," she said, in Russian, to the Bouriaks. "Suppose I question them for you, and tell you their answer? I perceive they are countrymen of mine."

To this the guard at once consented.

Minnie then pretended to question her brother, which she did, however, in a voice too low to reach the guard.

"What does it mean, Brian? How came you here?"

The youth explained in a few words.

Minnie clicked her little teeth when he had finished.

"That Peter is more detestable than ever to me," she said. "After what you have told me I would sooner die than wed with such a rascal!"

"You shall never wed him, Minnie. Will and I shall succeed in getting you off."

"Yes, but you must go cautiously to work. I think I can manage to rescue you from those dreadful mines."

"We are out of them now."

"No, I don't think those Bouriaks will let you go on. I will try them."

"First tell me how you were taken off on that night by the Siberian stream."

"A Cossack, one of those sent by my uncle to search for me, seized, gagged me, and carried me off in his skiff, from which he had landed on the bank. Then —"

The Bouriaks had now drawn closer, and the young girl paused.

She turned to the guard and addressed them in the Russian tongue.

"Why have you stopped these boys?" she inquired.

"We stop everybody we see on the road, and demand to see their road-passes," answered one of the men; "such are our orders."

"These boys have lost their pass. They are going to Yakutsk on business for one of the Nerchinsk traders."

"We cannot believe all that they tell us," was the reply. "Of course they would deceive you as well as us. I think they are runaways from the mines."

"Why do you think so? They are English. There are no Englishmen in the mines."

"It is easy to pretend to be English if one understands the language."

"I know it, but the boys' looks speak the truth for them."

"Cannot always trust to looks," said the man, shaking his head.

"I will question the boys further," said Minnie.

She motioned Brian a little to one side, and again spoke to him.

"It is as I thought. I cannot convince them. They suspect that you are from the mines."

"Then I suppose we will have to be taken back!"

"Yes, I fear so; but I will rescue you before long."

"After you get us out of those mines, it will be our task to rescue you," said Brian.

"We will not leave this country until we do," echoed Will.

"Thank you," said Minnie, blushing.

"And now," said Brian, "tell us how you came in this place. Peter said you were far from here."

"And so I was until this morning. My uncle arrived with me from Yakutsk, where we had been stopping, just after dawn. The old woman you see here was very kind to me when I lived in Nerchinsk before. She was one of my teachers. I came here a few hours ago to pay her a visit."

"Do you think Peter will tell his father that we are in the mines?"

"No; he would be ashamed to do it; besides which, he would know that my uncle would take you out and surrender you as prisoners of war. This would defeat his plans, which are to degrade you and make you suffer all he can."

"I am sorry we did not succeed in escaping from the mines," said Brian. "Had we done so we might soon have managed to get you away from that accursed Lofski."

"I think, after all, it is better as it is," said Minnie. "Had you even succeeded in getting away to-night, you would have been stopped and arrested before you had gone many miles."

As Minnie spoke, the sound of approaching footsteps was heard.

The next moment the overseer, whose vigilance the boys had escaped, made his appearance, flourishing his gun.

"Hah!" he exclaimed, "me got you now! Dink best not try to go again. Man not often get away from mines!"

Then followed a hurried conversation between this person and the Bouriaks; after which the boys were conducted back to the pit by the overseer.

Meanwhile, without saying another word to them, Minnie had re-entered the house from which she had emerged, followed by the old woman.

The Bouriaks, who were the sons of the aged female, also went into the house instead of remaining in the road, as it was their duty to do.

Brian and Will were again set at work in the pit. The overseer kept them at it for an hour, when he told them they might knock off.

Soon after they were in the barracks—Brian sound asleep, and Will lying awake, thinking of Minnie.

Next morning, at half-past two, the boys were again working with the mining laborers.

They believed they would see Minnie before the day was over, but in this they were mistaken.

At night they returned, feeling a little disheartened, to the barracks.

Day after day passed, and still they looked in vain for the appearance of Minnie.

Thus, weary and sad, they toiled on, now feeling quite disheartened, for they had little hope of being helped by the young girl.

Their constant labor told upon them.

They were much thinner than when they first arrived, especially Will, whose cheeks and eyes had become hollow, and whose form had shrunken so that his clothes were much too large for him.

On one occasion the boys saw an English traveler who had come with Peter to look at the mines.

Brian made several attempts to get to his side and speak to him, but he was baffled by the watchful overseers, who would not let him go two feet from the spot where he was working.

The Englishman, who was about twenty yards off, glanced toward him once, and Brian then made to him a beckoning motion of the hand, which did not fail to attract the attention of the stranger.

"That boy seems to wish to speak to me," he said to Peter, and he was about to move toward him, when the wily Russian laid a hand on his arm.

"No, sir, don't take any notice of that boy, I beseech you. He is a little light-headed, and will bore you to death if you go to him."

The latter clause was sufficient to check the visitor.

He turned, and, followed by Peter, moved off in another direction.

"There is one comfort," said Will to his friend, as they sat in the barracks, a few hours later, partaking of their corn bread and some *schée*, the favorite dish of the country, "the working season of the mines will soon be over. It is now the 15th of September, and by the 23d it will be so cold, and the ground will be so hard, that there will be no more digging to do until next Summer."

"That rascally Peter will find something for us to do, I am afraid," said Brian.

"He may then surrender us as prisoners of war," answered Will, "which will be greatly preferable to this sort of life."

"Yes; but I wonder what can be the reason my sister has not helped us?"

"Perhaps her uncle has taken her away from Nerchinsk again," said Will. "Yes, I am afraid such is the case," he added, sadly. "That is the only way in which I can account for our not seeing her."

On the morning of the 18th of September, as the boys were with difficulty tugging at the hardening ground with their shovels in a spot which was partially screened from the view of the other laborers by masses of rocks, Brian saw another person, conducted by one of the overseers, approaching the place where they worked.

This person seemed a mere boy in years, and of much gentler appearance than most of the miners. He had long, black hair, and his deerskin frock was fancifully trimmed.

As the two friends were used to seeing new hands come occasionally to offer their services, they paid no particular attention to the youth.

The overseer set him to work near the boys, and then walked off to another part of the field.

Pausing a moment to rest, the gaze of Brian fell upon the new-comer.

He started, impressed by the sweet, gentle expression of the face.

The eyes were large, dark, and full of spirit, the nose was small and straight, the skin clear, and glowing with soft color.

As the eyes met his, a smile of peculiar sweetness dimpled the smooth cheeks, and a deep blush overspread the face.

"*Marina!*" exclaimed Brian.

Will looked up and also echoed the name.

It was indeed Marina, the beautiful daughter of the Zunguze chief!

CHAPTER XIV.

AN UNEXPECTED OCCURRENCE.

AS Brian uttered his exclamation the disguised girl made a motion with her hand to him not to appear to recognize her.

In fact, this was very necessary, as the overseer was now looking their way.

Both boys pretended to continue their work, while Brian addressed the girl.

"I am very glad to see you," he said.

"I have had a hard time to get to your sister," said Marina. "It was not until last week that I succeeded in finding her. I have been looking for her almost ever since I parted from you."

"And where is Minnie now?"

"At Nerchinsk, with her uncle. I have come from her on your behalf. We are going to try to get you away from here. Minnie requested me to tell you that after she saw you in the road she was again forced away to a distant town by her uncle, so that she had no chance to help you. She made several attempts to get away, but Lofski was so sharp and watchful that she did not succeed."

"And now what is the programme, my pretty messenger?" inquired Brian.

The girl did not seem at all displeased with the light tone of the speaker.

She looked at him earnestly a moment and then said:

"We have hit upon a plan to rescue you."

"And what is that?"

"Minnie has consented to become Peter's wife!"

Will staggered back as if he had been shot, while Brian fairly gasped for breath.

Minnie to marry that confounded rascal, after all?" he said, angrily.

"It was done to get you away from here."

"I would sooner have died in the pits," groaned Brian, "than to have had her make so great a sacrifice!"

Marina smiled.

"Minnie has made no sacrifice," she remarked.

"What, not in marrying that rascal?" burst forth the other.

"She has not married him yet," said Marina, smiling.

"No, but——"

"Nor does she *intend to*" added the young girl.

"Oh! I understand now."

"Yes, it is all plain now," chimed in Will, feeling as if a load had been lifted from his spirit.

"So she has made that promise to get us clear?" said Brian. "She never intends to fulfill it?"

"No, indeed; and she thinks the deception justifiable, under the circumstances."

"Perfectly justifiable," said Will.

"The difficulty," continued Marina, all the time moving her shovel to deceive the overseer, "will be to escape fulfilling the promise."

"Nothing easier," said Brian. "The moment we are set free she can have horses in waiting, and we will all go away together. You will go with us, of course?"

Marina lowered her eyes and looked a little confused.

"Perhaps so," she said. "Minnie is a dear friend, and I would not like to separate from her, especially as she wants me to go."

"Then it's all settled," said Brian. "You will go with us, although you have to leave Sellnok."

"Selfish! I like him not," said Marina.

"I thought he was something to you?" said Brian, in a gratified tone, which did not escape the attention of Will.

"No; he was a friend to me once. Lately he would have been more, but I told him the truth. I feel that I could never be his wife."

The artless young girl said this with the innocence of a child, and the two little gold earrings she wore swayed rapidly, as she shook her head, by way of showing her distaste for the man who wanted her to be his wife.

"You said there would be trouble in Minnie's escaping the fulfillment of her promise. How will that be?"

"Peter, it seems, would only make with her the condition that he was not to see you at liberty until she was actually his wife."

"All is spoiled, then," said Brian, much disappointed. "She is lost."

Will bowed his head, and something like a groan escaped him.

The dark eyes of the Zunguze maiden twinkled merrily as she gazed upon the discomfited boys.

"Listen," she said, and her voice, as she spoke, was like the sound of a silver bell. "Minnie also stipulated that you two should do no more work from the time of her promise, but should be allowed to go at liberty, except with a few precautions to prevent your escaping. Peter will not, therefore, keep a very careful watch of you both after now and the 24th of September, on which day he expects to make Minnie his wife."

"The 24th!" gasped Will, "and it is now nearly the 20th! So she may have to wed him, after all."

"Things do look a little dark for you," that Peter is a wily fellow, and will strain every nerve to bring the affair about and save himself from being thwarted."

"Have no fear," said Marina. "On the 24th take a walk to the thicket, where you will find two swift horses. On the other side of the wood Minnie and I will meet you."

"But suppose Peter should contrive it so that you could not carry out your plans?" said Will.

"I do not fear that. If it should turn out so, I will inform you of it."

"And then Miss Lowis may marry that villain, after all?"

"There is no danger of our plan failing," said Marina. "We will take every necessary precaution."

Further conversation was prevented by the near approach of the overseer.

Marina pretended to work busily.

"You two stop work in couple of hour," said the overseer to Brian and his friend.

"Why, how is that?" inquired Will, apparently surprised.

"It's order from young Lofski," was the reply. "He cannot see why he stop you more than dem others," the man sullenly added.

Brian and Will exchanged glances.

When the two hours had passed they went to the barracks.

The guard there seemed scarcely to notice them. They, too, had evidently received their instructions from Peter.

Several days passed, during which the two boys were permitted to remain idle, and to stroll about as they pleased.

In order to see how far this laxity of vigilance was carried, the friends one morning walked about half a mile away from the valley.

Just as they were about to strike into a road leading off to the left, a party of armed Yakuts rose up from behind some bushes that skirted a hollow.

"You perceive they have their orders not to let us go too far," said Brian, as he turned back with his companion.

"Yes, that Peter is a sharp fellow, and I am afraid he will spoil all our plans," said Will.

"Perhaps he will have a concealed guard in the very thicket where we are to take the horses," remarked Brian.

"We shall see," said Will. "Unfortunately, we have no arms—no weapons of any kind with which to fight our way out, in case it should be necessary."

On the day before this, Marina, who had engaged to work only a few days, left the mines.

As she passed the boys, she whispered:

"Day after to-morrow, at seven o'clock in the morning—*remember!*"

The dawn of the 24th of September at length arrived.

It was a cold, frosty morning, with a keen, biting air.

After breakfast Brian and his friend sallied forth from the barracks.

The valley was occupied by the whole force of miners, who were making preparations for closing the work for the season.

The overseers were scattered here and there, giving their directions, and it seemed as if the two boys were scarcely noticed, as they sauntered leisurely toward the thicket named by Marina.

They had nearly reached it when, on turning their heads, they noticed a couple of Yakuts, armed with their short guns, slowly following them!

These men, whom they had not previously seen, must have suddenly emerged from some hiding-place amongst the rocks.

"There they are!" said Brian, clinching his fists. "That confounded Peter is not to be so easily circumvented!"

"I was afraid it would turn out so," said Will, disconsolately.

"There is only one thing for us to do now," remarked Brian, "and that is to rush for the thicket, mount the horses, and make off before those accursed spies catch up with us. Once on our horses, we can defy them."

"Yes, if we are not shot in the meantime," said Will. "However, it is our only chance, and we must risk the trial. The Yakuts are already quickening their steps; they will soon be up with us unless we make a start at once."

"All ready, then!" said Brian, and away he went like the wind, with Will keeping pace by his side.

They soon reached the thicket, but they looked in vain for the horses.

"The whole plan has failed," said Brian, as he sank disconsolately at the foot of a tree. "It is now seven o'clock, if not later."

"And Miss Lewis will be married to Peter before night!" gasped Will, bowing his face on his hands. "She is lost to us now."

As he spoke, the Yakuts entered the thicket.

They had started on a run when the boys did so, but they now paused, on seeing the two seated not far off.

An instant later Marina, still wearing her disguise, made her appearance on an opposite direction.

She looked pale and agitated.

"For God's sake, what has happened?" inquired Brian, as she walked up to them.

"Miss Lewis is already married to Peter! I see it in the girl's face!" cried Will.

"Hush! not so loud," said Marina, looking askance at the Yakuts, who had seated themselves on the ground about twenty yards off.

"Explain as quickly as you can," said Brian. "What has happened to my sister?"

"*She is gone!*" said Marina.

"Gone!" echoed Will. "You mean she has gone to marry Peter?"

"No, not that."

"What then?"

"She has gone off; must have left this morning before daybreak. Peter is half wild about it, and so is his father. Parties are already scouring the country in pursuit of the two."

"Of the two? What do you mean?"

"Minnie and I had agreed to meet just at dawn near a cedar-tree, where a trustworthy old woman, a friend of Minnie's, was to have the horses waiting for us. I went there at the time agreed upon, but neither she nor the horses were there. This surprised me, and I feared that something had gone amiss, for I had never known her to break a promise when it was possible to fulfill it. I had called on her on the night before, and I had then noticed that she seemed strangely absent in manner, if not agitated. Her cheeks had a feverish look, and in her eyes there was an expression I had never seen before. A young Russian officer was stopping at the house, had just arrived to pay her uncle a visit, but I did not think then of connecting her agitation with the presence of this guest."

"What was his name?" gasped Will, eagerly, interrupting her.

"I heard Mr. Lofski call him Captain Vosk," replied the young girl.

Brian and Will looked at each other, a wild, despairing expression in the eyes of the former, and a frown on the brow of the other.

"Go on!" said Brian.

"As I said, neither Minnie nor the horses were at the appointed place. I looked about me, waited a full hour, but she did not come. Then I felt sure that something wrong had happened, and I made my way in the direction of her uncle's house, which stands just outside the town."

"But I had not walked far when I heard in the distance the sound of galloping hoofs!

"There are several roads leading to Nerchinsk. The one upon which I heard the noise lay on my left. I looked that way, and my surprise was great when I beheld Minnie on the back of a horse riding along at her utmost speed, and by her side, on another horse, keeping pace with her, the young Russian officer, Captain Vosk!"

Will groaned, and the gazelle-like eyes of Marina softened with womanly sympathy as she heard that expression of distress.

"She has eloped with the Russian!" cried Brian, clinching his fists. "She has proved herself both false and deceitful, and never again shall I concern myself about her!"

"Are you sure it was she?" said Will, in a half-choked voice.

Marina was to him at this moment the "drowning man's straw," at which he clutched from sheer desperation.

"Yes, I am sure; I saw her form and face plainly as she rode. I could not have been mistaken, and it grieves me to the heart to say it," added Marina, in a soft, low voice.

"Will!" said Brian, clapping a hand on his friend's shoulder, "you are wrong if you think any more about her. She has chosen her own lot, and so let it be. This I say, although she is my own sister—that she has acted in a deceitful, contemptible manner! I do not blame her for choosing her man—every woman has a right to do that—but I do blame her for misleading us in the way she has done."

"Don't blame her," said Will, endeavoring to calm himself. "I do not like to hear you do that."

"I went on to the house," continued Marina, "which I reached half an hour later. Everything there was in confusion. It seems a domestic, who had risen earlier than usual, had seen her making off with Vosk, and had given immediate information to her master. Peter was now on his horse ready to start in pursuit. He looked very fierce, and declared he would kill Captain Vosk if he overtook him.

"After he was gone I made my way to the house of Minnie's old friend, thinking that she might have left word for me with the woman.

"But such was not the case.

"She declared she had sent the horses as agreed upon, by one of her grandchildren, a boy of thirteen, and that he had returned, saying he was met near the tree by a young man who said it was all right—that the horses were for him. This boy I questioned, but no message had been left with him for me. I then went to a lonely hut, and putting on this disguise, came to you."

"It is a strange business," said Brian, shrugging his shoulders. "One thing is plain, however: All

that Will and I have to do now is to look out for ourselves. Once out of this confounded country I will never return to it again."

Marina's face drooped.

"You must not go alone. "I will show you the nearest way to the coast. I will go with you."

"There is not much prospect of our going at all," said Brian, looking toward the Yakuts. "Those fellows are watching us like cats."

"By to-morrow morning I will get horses for us all," said Marina, "and I will have them here waiting for you."

"Where can you get them?"

With a sort of childish delight Marina took out a purse and showed the gold glittering through the meshes.

"You will buy them with your own money?" said Brian.

"Yes. I have saved my money from time to time," she answered, "and now I have enough to buy half a dozen horses."

"Well, you may get the horses," said Brian, "but I shall insist on paying you for them afterward."

"No, no," said Marina, her soft eyes suffused with tears. "Let me do this little for the brother of the dearest friend I have on earth."

"Have your way, little one," said Brian, carelessly. "We will, then, be here to-morrow at seven."

"Yes, I will be here, too, with the horses."

"Agreed, then," said Brian, and the young girl now walked off.

After she was gone, the boys returned to the barracks, both endeavoring, as they passed the Yakuts, to look as if nothing had happened to agitate them.

"It is well," remarked Brian, as they sat in the barracks, "that we are going to leave as early as to-morrow, for Peter will not probably have got back by that time. When he does come back, I think, if we were still here, there would be no end to the torture he would inflict upon us after having lost his intended bride."

"True," said Will.

The poor fellow endeavored to speak in the careless tone of his friend, but a certain hoarseness of the voice, and a wild look about the eyes, told how he suffered inwardly.

"You must not take this thing so much to heart," said Brian, grasping his hand. "When you see more of the women you will not be so easily cut up by the way they treat you."

"It was so unexpected," said his friend.

"Yes, but one thing you must bear in mind, which is that Minnie and you were not lovers. Nothing of that sort had as yet passed between you. I cannot think so hard of my sister as to suppose that she would have broken an actual engagement with you, had it existed."

"No," burst forth Will; "I had no right to hope for anything!"

"Again, she may have been actually engaged to Captain Vosk, for all we know to the contrary."

"That is true," said Will. "In fact, I have feared so for some time."

When night came the boys retired early to bed.

In the bunk adjoining his, Will could hear his friend snoring lustily; but as to himself, he felt as if he was destined never to enjoy sleep again.

Nevertheless, even while this thought passed through his mind, it was obscured by a drowsy feeling.

Nature would have her way, and Will and his friend were soon snoring in unison.

Both boys awoke at dawn, feeling much refreshed.

They drank a plenty of strong coffee, and after they had finished breakfast, strolled forth.

As on the previous morning, the workmen were employed in their preparations for closing their labors, and the two friends, as they walked toward the thicket, were not apparently noticed.

They looked round them for the vigilant spies who had followed them on the day before, but these were nowhere in sight.

The moment they entered the wood they saw three horses, half hidden by a rock, not far off.

"There they are!" cried Brian, joyfully.

The boys hurried to the spot.

Near the horses stood Marina.

"I am so glad you have come!" she said. "I was afraid something might happen to detain you."

"You have done well for us," said Brian, as he glanced at the horses.

These were fine animals. Depending from the saddle of each was a holster containing a loaded pistol. There were also pouches with ammunition.

Brian turned to thank the young girl for her kindness in making such good provision for their journey. But she waved her hand to him, and smiling, sprang lightly on the back of one of the horses.

There she sat with her usual grace, and as Brian gazed upon her, he thought he had never seen a more beautiful creature.

She no longer wore her disguise.

Her dress was of brown cloth, fitting superbly, showing the contour of the round, lithe waist, and the matchless slope of the shoulders, over which her dark hair streamed in black, wavy masses from under a round fur hat.

As the weather was now cold, she also wore a fur coat.

The boys were more warmly clad than when they first ventured inland from the coast.

"Come," said Minnie, as Brian stood gazing upon her with ill-concealed admiration, "we have no time to spare. The Yakuts will see us soon, if we don't make a move."

The two boys sprang to horse.

A minute later, guided by Marina, who rode a little in advance of them, they dashed off into a narrow path through the woods.

On they went for a long distance without meeting any person.

All at once, however, they came upon a detachment of Russian soldiers, on their way to Nerchinsk with a group of Polish exiles.

The latter were closely guarded.

The officer in command spoke to Marina in the Russian tongue, evidently requesting her to halt, while he scanned the boys closely.

The girl stopped her horse, and motioned to her companions to imitate her example.

The officer spoke rapidly to her, and his manner seemed to show suspicion.

At length Marina drew from her pocket a paper, which she held toward him.

He scanned it closely, and seemed satisfied, for he returned it to her with a low bow, and immediately moved on.

"Now, then," said Marina to Brian, "we have more need than ever to make good speed. The moment that officer reaches Nerchinsk he will hear of your escape, and we will be pursued."

"He asked to see your pass, did he not?"

"Yes, and as it was an excellent one, he was satisfied. It is a pass permitting me to go where I please, with whatever company I choose to have with me. My father, as an able chief, has won the good will of the Russians. He obtained the pass for me some time ago from the governor-general."

"That will help us wonderfully," said Brian.

"Yes, it will help us on the greater part of our journey, unless we are headed off and the news of our flight communicated to the guards, whom we will have to pass on our way."

The travelers made good speed that day.

They encountered a whole chain of guards as they got into the wilder and more open parts of the country, but Marina's pass operated like magic, and they had no difficulty in continuing their journey.

Toward nightfall they found themselves in a valley bordered on each side by a lofty range of rugged rocks and hills.

"Here we will pause for the night," said the young woman, as a biting wind now rose, blowing keenly upon them.

"Had we not better keep on?" said Brian, a little surprised.

"Our enemies may be in pursuit of us."

"They will not go far," cried Marina, suddenly, as she looked in the distance, where blinding flakes of snow were now falling. "But we must get out of this valley. Our lives depend upon it."

"Why?" inquired Brian, much surprised at her earnest manner.

"A poorga is coming down upon us," answered the young girl, pointing toward the approaching snowstorm.

"A poorga? What is that?"

"It is a sort of squall common to these regions. There is no escaping the snow at such times, as it is driven about by the wind in huge drifts, which frequently bury travelers."

"Is it not rather early for it?" said Will. "I thought it the month only in February and March?"

"It is more apt to come on at those times, but I have known it take place further north in the middle of September. The one coming now will, I think, be severe. If we have pursuers, they cannot go far to-night."

The party made all haste to pass out of the valley.

But they had not gone far when the wind seemed to veer round, whirling the flakes of snow directly in their faces.

In a few minutes the drifts were piled in front of them to such a depth that the horses would advance no further.

Marina looked anxiously about her.

"There is a cave," she said, pointing to a hollow in one of the rocks; "we will be safer there than anywhere else."

They soon reached the cave, which was more than large enough to contain themselves and their horses.

The rock in which they now were was at the base of one of the ridges bordering the valley.

They were not there long when the still drifting snow was piled far above the entrance.

This seemed to render the place almost as warm as a most comfortable room.

A small lamp, which the thoughtful young girl had brought with her, was lighted.

"We will now have supper," she said.

From a canvas bag attached to her horse she produced some bread and some deer meat, also a bottle containing corn-brandy, a favorite Russian drink.

The party made an excellent supper.

Then, after having fed their horses with grain, a good store of which was attached to each animal, they sat down, wrapped in their blankets, Marina in one corner of the retreat and the boys in another, and dropped off to sleep.

Brian was the first to awake.

He went to the entrance of the cave and endeavored to look up through the snow which obstructed it, but he found this impossible.

Ere long Marina awoke.

"I suppose we can work our way out to-day?" said Brian.

The young girl advanced to his side and peered upward at the snow.

Then she drew back, shrugging her shoulders.

"We cannot get out," she said. "And I don't know how we will be able to; not till some of the snow thaws off."

"Why, how deep do you think the snow is?"

"It is all of twenty feet!" answered Marina.

"Twenty feet! Then how are we to ever get out? We will starve to death before we are liberated."

"We have provisions enough to last us several days," replied his companion. "The snow may melt off by that time enough to enable us to get out."

"Could we not burrow a way out to-day?"

"I don't know, but I am afraid not. It is as deep as I think, we could not do so."

"We will try, at any rate. Come, Will, rouse up!" added Brian, shaking his friend, who was already half awake.

Will arose, and after breakfast the two boys went to work endeavoring to bore a way out of the snow.

They were soon obliged to give up the task.

They had contrived to make an opening ten feet high in the snow, but it did not seem to them that they were then any nearer the surface than before.

The bank of snow which they had made hard enough to stand upon by packing, suddenly gave way beneath them, and they were nearly smothered in their efforts to extricate themselves.

They returned to the cave, where they passed the rest of the day in conversation between themselves and Marina, who gave them much useful information about the country.

[To be continued.]

"Minnie's Rescue from the Wilds of Siberia" was commenced in No. 345.

ROY, THE RANGER.

A Tale of the Mexican War.

CHAPTER XXXI.

THE ATTACK ON THE MEXICAN FORTS.

MARY FRANK cast a regretful look down into the vale of Monterey as the coach toiled slowly up the road that led through the mountain gorge.

"I declare it's a real shame!" she exclaimed. "Here we were almost on the point of seeing Roy, and we are obliged to turn back."

"There's many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip," replied Richard Eaton, repeating the old proverb, tersely. "There was no help for it, Mary Frank. Hallo! what's the matter? Here comes that ranchero captain again."

Estevan galloped up to the coach window, on the side where Mary Frank was seated.

"I have come to say farewell," he said, lifting his sombrero gallantly.

"Good riddance!" muttered Eaton, beneath his breath.

"Are you going back to Monterey, captain?" inquired Mary Frank.

"I must. I have escorted you beyond the reach of danger, and I must now return to help repel the invaders who have profaned with their unhallowed tread the sacred soil of Mexico. *Adios!* I trust that I shall have the pleasure of meeting you again."

"I hope so," responded Mary Frank, giving the young Mexican a bewildering smile. "Please give my love to Colonel Falcon," she added, mischievously.

He smiled.

"Ah! your cousin—yes?" he said.

Mary Frank's eyebrows went up in an astonished curve.

"Cousin, eh? Did she—I mean did Colonel Falcon tell you I was his cousin?"

"Yes, señorita. I will deliver your message. *Adios!*"

"Farewell, captain."

Donna Eusebia and Feliciana also bade Estevan a courteous farewell, and he galloped back toward Monterey, followed by his troop of rancheros.

"So, what do you think of Zella now?" inquired Richard Eaton, observing that Mary Frank had grown thoughtful after Estevan's departure.

"I don't know what to think of her," she replied. "This is a most extraordinary freak of hers. Who would have thought we should have found her in such a dress and position, and actually going into battle just like a man? I think she must be crazy. She may get killed!"

"I'm afraid there's no such luck for us—the devil is said to be good to his own!" he said.

"Oh! guardy! you don't mean to say that she is wicked?"

"You'll find out what she is before we leave Mexico. Her eccentricities—to use a mild word—are cropping out again. A bad mast sometimes has redeeming qualities, but when a woman takes to badness she never limits herself."

"I don't know what to make of this matter," said Mary Frank. "I can't understand it at all. It seems to me as strange and mysterious as a story from the 'Arabian Nights.'"

"Time will make all plain to you—unpleasantly so, I'm afraid. Your Aunt Zella possesses a restless and unhappy disposition for mischief."

"Oh! I can't think that!"

"You will have to entertain that thought, and very shortly, too, for you cannot shut your eyes against the truth."

"What truth? What has she done? You are talking in riddles!"

"You shall have the clue to them when we are in the posada of the Bull's Eye. Have patience until then."

"I will."

This reply satisfied Richard Eaton, and he began a conversation with Donna Eusebia, which he maintained until they reached the Posada Djo del Toro.

Donna Eusebia and Feliciana were sorry to lose their traveling companions, and invited them strenuously to visit them at their home in the City of Mexico.

Richard Eaton took down their address, they exchanged adieus, and the coach rolled away in the direction of Saltillo.

After the repulse of the Mexicans, in which Colonel Falcon's regiment had suffered so severely, General Worth prepared for a general assault.

Whilst the troops stood ready to march, General Worth rode along their front, addressing a few encouraging words to nerve each heart for the desperate task before them.

"He's a general after my own heart," said Roy to Tom. "How do you feel, Tom?"

"Well, I've got a sort of a don't-care-what-happens all over me," replied Tom. "Just have me buried decently, if I'm knocked over, will you?"

"Pshaw, my boy! don't talk that way. You'll come out all right."

Tom shook his head in a very dubious manner.

"Perhaps I may," he rejoined; "but the pitcher that goes often——"

"Forward!" cried Captain Walker, giving the order to advance.

"Go it, Pitcher!" exclaimed Roy, laughingly.

"I'll pitch in, you bet!"

"I know it—there's no funk to you. Pitch in lively!"

The assaulting party moved slowly along the Saltillo road, towards some extensive fields of corn and sugar-cane. These they entered to screen their march from the enemy's observation, then proceeded rapidly toward the point of attack.

Before they reached it, however, the roar of cannon told them that they were discovered, and that the remainder of their march must be made under fire.

But, animated by Walker and Roy, they dashed into the river, which was only waist-deep, crossing it amidst a perfect storm of balls.

The troops gained the opposite bank without losing a man—a circumstance which, as a historian of the war remarks, "appears almost miraculous."

Federation Hill was nearly four hundred feet high, very steep, and at its base almost entirely covered with a dense chaparral.

On reaching these thickets the men were halted to take a fresh breath before beginning the assault.

During this pause, infantry and sharpshooters stationed themselves amongst the ledges of rocks along the hill's brow.

General Worth, observing this, sent the Seventh Infantry, under Captain Miles, to Walker's aid.

The attack began.

The enemy's musketry was answered by the Texan rifle.

Soon the battle became general. A dark ring of smoke settled around the centre of the hill, and volley after volley of musketry echoed along the slope. The rangers pressed steadily upward, and the infantry followed as bravely.

The enemy began to give way, and soon they were in slow retreat up the hill.

Closely upon them pressed the rangers, already confident of victory. Walker and Roy cheering them on, and even Tom Meade waved his sword excitedly. The retreating garrison were followed so closely that the assailants entered the fort with them, and drove them through it.

Roy tore down the Mexican flag and raised the Stars and Stripes in its place.

A shout of victory rose upon the air, and the sight of the flag told General Worth and his staff that Federation Hill was won.

The enemy retreated to Fort Soldada, but were instantly pursued by Walker and Colonel Hays, who brought with him the rest of his regiment, and after a short struggle the fort was captured, the Mexicans flying in dismay to the bishop's palace, on the opposite side of the ravine.

Night came on, and put a temporary end to the strife.

CHAPTER XXXII.

THE BISHOP'S PALACE.

THE evening was dark and chilly, and when the troops lay down to rest the rain poured in torrents.

The rangers took advantage of every shelter they could find to avoid the pitiless pelting of the storm. Captain Walker, Roy and Tom had collected in a group together under a crag.

"Phew! how it pours!" cried Tom Meade. "I don't consider myself much of a soldier as yet, but if that keeps on I shall be a water-ue before morning."

"Ha, ha, ha! Good for you, Tom!" responded Roy. "You keep your spirits up, I see."

"Yes, and so I do mine, by pouring spirits down," said Walker, taking a drink at his pocket-flask. "Try some, Roy? It'll keep the wet out."

"Thank you, no; I am not dry."

"I don't care if I do," said Tom, reaching out his hand for the flask. "I'm wet outside, but I'm dry in. I'm looking at you, captain."

"Fire away!"

"I wonder if I shall meet her when we enter the city," Roy exclaimed, giving involuntary utterance to his thought.

"Who?—that she colonel?" asked Tom Meade.

"No; I was not thinking of her, but that girl, Feliciana Santmanet."

"Oho! so you have not forgotten the little señorita. Ah! why didn't you take me along? I'm good next time, if there's any black-eyed girls to be met with."

"You shall. I wonder if Zella was really killed?"

Tom's question had brought her doubtful fate back to Roy's mind, and he pondered over it.

Whilst he thus reflected, Zella looked down through the lightning flashes upon the vale of Monterey, from a rude hut on a spur of the Sierra Madre.

This hut was built against the side of the mountain, and its door and window—it had but one of each—looked down into the valley. From this point, in clear weather, Monterey could be plainly seen.

It was a shepherd's hut, and a footpath led to it from the Saltillo road—a goat-track, nothing more.

Zella lay on the camp-bed, beside the open window, with her head in such a position that she could gaze out into the night and storm. Her false mustache and imperial were gone, and her hair had broken away from the fastenings which had given it a masculine look, and two stray, golden curls lay on the pillow beside her head. Her face was very pale, the features looking more like those of some marble statue, exquisitely sculptured, than a living woman.

The lancer uniform she had worn in the fight she had changed for the dress of a Mexican cavalier.

She was not alone in the hut; three men stood in different attitudes regarding her—three men who were, according to their natures, devoted to her. These men were Tom Hartnett, Ned Graghtyrand Estevan.

Hartnet and Graghty had saved Zella from being trampled to death by the horses of her own troop, when her horse had been shot under her, and she had been thrown headforemost over her saddle.

Estevan and the rancheros had guided them to this secure camp.

Ned Graghty carried his left arm in a sling, showing that he had not come scatheless from the fierce fight with the Texan rangers.

Hartnett stood with folded arms gazing at Zella.

Graghty was rolling a quid in his capacious mouth.

Estevan leaned against the door-jam, indolently smoking a cigarette.

"How do you feel now, kurnel?" inquired Hartnett, solicitously.

"Better; my head feels easier," she answered. "I was rudely shaken, and somewhat bruised, by my fall; but I shall be fit for active operations tomorrow."

"See here, kurnel, this sort of thing is played out!" cried Hartnett, bluntly.

She turned a surprised glance upon him, raising herself upon her elbow.

"What do you mean?" she demanded.

"I mean that we've got to stop this fighting where it's all risk, and nothing to be made by it. We've been pretty badly whipped, and we'd better stay so."

"We were badly repulsed," rejoined Zella, and a frown gathered between her eyebrows. "Heavens! what a crash there was! I thought my time had come."

"It was a narrow squeak for you, kurnel, begorra!" exclaimed Ned Graghty. "You're too spunky!"

"That's what I say, and what's the use of it?" said Hartnett, energetically. "What do we care which party whips in this war? 'Tain't no affair of ours."

"How many men have we lost?"

"Nigh on to a hundred and eighty."

"So many! Were they all killed?"

"The best half of 'em run away. If Estevan had been with us they might have done better. He's brave enough to set a good example."

"Estevan is a trusty officer," rejoined Zella; and the Mexican bowed his acknowledgment. "How many men have we got left?"

"There were fifty that remained with us after the fight, and counting the twenty that came with Estevan makes seventy. We had about eighty killed and wounded, and the rest are missing."

"And the missing ones might be collected again," said Zella, thoughtfully.

Zella was not dull of comprehension, as we know, and she saw that Hartnett was not pleased with her last exploit at arms.

Zella sighed, and gazed thoughtfully from the window. The rain poured down in a steady fall, the drops making a monotonous patter.

She knew her motive for her warlike dress and deeds, but she could not explain it to Hartnett.

She had desired to distinguish herself in the eyes of Roy, and win his admiration, possibly his love, by her daring; but she felt with Hartnett that she had done enough.

She had shown Roy what she could do, and it was now advisable to be more cautious and await the result of her amazonian deeds.

"Do you think that the American army will take Monterey?" she asked, rousing herself from this reverie.

"Of course they will! You were too sick to see the fight to-day; but we saw it, and they just drove the Mexicans off Federation Hill in a jiffy."

"Begorra! it was an illigant fight while it lasted," cried Graghty. "The Mexicans scattered like a flock of sheep. We're better where we are than down in yonder city. It'll have to surrender, sure."

"Of course it will," said Hartnett. "It's lucky

for us that we are where we are. They can't catch us, as the whole country lies back of us. Our retreat is safe enough."

"Do you think that General Taylor can march his army much further without meeting a defeat?" asked Zelia.

A defeat she thought would leave Roy a prisoner in the hands of the foe, and then would be her opportunity to befriend him, and again assail his heart.

"I think that General Taylor can march from here to the city of Mexico in spite of all that the Mexicans can do to stop him," replied Hartnett.

This reply dampened Zelia's hopes.

"What do you propose to do?" she said, after a slight pause.

"Cut in on supply-trains, and pick or plunder generally."

"Whether Americans or Mexicans?"

"Exactly," answered Hartnett, with another grin.

"So be it," replied Zelia, indifferently. "What's your opinion, Edwardo? Do you like this idea of Tomaso's?" Zelia inquired of Ned Graghty.

"It jumps with my humor exactly," he responded.

"And you, Esteran?"

"I approve of it, señora colonel," he answered. "I should like to have gone on to Mexico with that lovely cousin of yours. But I may have the pleasure of seeing her again."

"Ah! I'm afraid you've lost your heart to her."

"Santa Maria! I would give all I possess for one word of encouragement from her."

Zelia smiled; a new idea had entered her mind.

"You will see her again, undoubtedly," she said. "Our course, then, is decided. We will pursue a guerrilla warfare for the future."

She was silent after this, relapsing into thought.

The three men left the hut and went toward the fire, attracted by the savory smells that were proceeding from that direction.

A peon was sent to the hut with a repast for Zelia. The night wore slowly away, and Zelia slumbered. The sound of artillery aroused her.

The storming of Monterey was resumed.

[To be continued.

"Roy the Ranger" was commenced in No. 611.

A PIONEER HOUSEWIFE'S SPORT.

ONE afternoon, in the latter part of last month, the wife of W. G. Livingstone, of the Boyne, noticed four young bears in the wheatfield. Mr. Livingstone being absent at the time, she at once proceeded to drive the intruders off, when one took to a tree on the bank of the river, about one hundred yards from the house, and the other three took to their heels and disappeared, so far as this story is concerned. Mrs. Livingstone stationed herself under the tree, while her little daughter ran to the house and brought a double-barreled gun. Both barrels were discharged at the bear, which, while it was seriously wounded, was still able to make attempts to come down the tree. Ammunition having given out, Mrs. Livingstone armed herself with an ax-handle, and with that weapon successfully resisted the endeavors of Bruin to escape, whacking the brute on the paws every time he came in reach. The tree was guarded till evening, when Mr. Livingstone returned home with his rifle. Mrs. Livingstone then took the weapon, fired, and the animal fell dead at her feet. The bear weighed 120 pounds, dressed.

HEROISM OF ELIZABETH ZANE.

DURING the hottest part of the Revolutionary War, Fort Henry, situated near the site of the present city of Wheeling, was the stronghold of Northwestern Virginia. It was a simple stockade fort, and its garrison was exceedingly small. Yet it was twice defended against the furious assaults of large Indian armies, headed by bold and skilful white men. The incidents we are about to relate occurred during the second siege of Fort Henry:

On the night of the 26th of November, 1782, Captain Joseph Ogle, with a small scouting party, while on his return to the fort from an excursion up the Ohio, descried a faint but constant body of smoke rising in the air to the southward of Wheeling. Impressed with the conviction that the smoke was caused by the burning of the block-house at Grave Creek, about twelve miles below, he hastened to the fort and mentioned the circumstance to Colonel Sheppard, the commandant, who lost no time in dispatching two men in a canoe down the river to ascertain the truth.

In the course of the night all the inhabitants of the village fled to the fort for shelter and safety, and several families residing in the neighborhood were sent for and brought in before the dawn of day.

The garrison numbered only forty-two fighting men. Some of these were far advanced in years, while others were mere boys. A portion of them were skilled in Indian warfare, and all were excellent marksmen. The storehouse was well supplied with small arms, particularly muskets, but was sadly deficient in ammunition.

A party under Mason, sent out to secure some stock, and another sent to its relief, under Captain Ogle, were both cut off by the Indians, many falling, and the rest being unable to reach the fort.

At this moment the garrison of Fort Henry numbered no more than twelve men and boys. The fortunes of the day, so far, had been fearfully against them; two of their best officers, and more than two-thirds of their original force, were missing.

When the enemy's right flank came up, Girty, the notorious renegade, who commanded the Indians, changed his order of attack. Parties of Indians were placed in such of the houses as commanded a view of the block-house. A strong body occupied the yard of Ebenezer Zane, about fifty yards from the fort, using a paling fence as a cover, while the greater part were posted under cover in the edge of the cornfield, to act offensively or serve as a corps of reserve, as occasion might require.

ROMANTIC INCIDENTS OF THE BORDER.—HEROISM OF ELIZABETH ZANE.

These dispositions having been made, with a white flag in his hand he appeared at the window of a cabin and demanded the surrender of the garrison in the name of his Britannic Majesty. He read the proclamation of Governor Hamilton, and promised them protection if they would lay down their arms and swear allegiance to the British Crown. He warned them to submit peaceably, and admitted his inability to restrain the passions of his warriors when they once became excited with the strife of battle.

Colonel Sheppard promptly told him in reply that the garrison would never surrender to *him*, and that he could only obtain possession of the fort when there remained no longer an American soldier to defend it.

Girty renewed his proposition, but before he finished his harangue a thoughtless youth in one of the block-houses fired a gun at the speaker, and brought the conference to an abrupt termination. Girty disappeared, and in about fifteen minutes the Indians opened the siege by a general discharge of rifles.

It was yet quite early in the morning, the sun not having appeared above the summit of Wheeling hill, and the day is represented to have been one of surpassing beauty. The Indians, not entirely concealed from the view of the garrison, kept up a brisk fire for six hours without intermission.

The little garrison was, with scarcely an exception, composed of sharpshooters. Several of them, whose experience in Indian warfare gave them a remarkable degree of coolness and self-possession in the face of danger, infused confidence into the young; and, as they never fired at random, their bullets, in most cases, took effect.

The Indians, on the contrary, flushed with their previous success, their tomahawks reeking with the blood of Mason's and Ogle's men, and all of them burning with impatience to rush into the fort and complete their work of butchery, discharged their guns against the pickets, the gate, the logs of the block-houses, and every other object that seemed to shelter a white man. Their fire was thus thrown away.

At length some of their most daring warriors rushed up close to the block-houses and attempted to make more sure work by firing through the logs. But these reckless savages received from the well-directed rifles of the frontiersmen the fearful reward of their temerity. About one o'clock the Indians discontinued their fire and fell back against the base of the hill.

The stock of gunpowder in the fort having been nearly exhausted, it was determined to seize the favorable opportunity offered by the suspension of hostilities to send for a keg of powder which was known to be in the house of Ebenezer Zane, about sixty yards from the gate of the fort.

The person executing this service would necessarily expose himself to the danger of being shot down by the Indians, who were yet sufficiently near to observe everything that transpired about the works. The colonel inquired whether any man would volunteer for the service.

Three or four young men promptly stepped forward in obedience to the call. The colonel informed them that the weak state of the garrison would not justify the absence of more than one man, and that it was for themselves to decide who that person should be.

At this moment a woman came forward as a volunteer upon the perilous service. Elizabeth Zane, the sister of Ebenezer and Silas Zane, a young woman of a calm, determined spirit of heroism, desired that she might be permitted to go for the ammunition.

The proposition seemed so extravagant that it was met with a peremptory refusal. But Elizabeth pleaded earnestly, and all the remonstrances and representations of the colonel and her relatives were of no avail. Her purpose was not to be shaken.

The colonel said that either of the young men, on account of his superior fleetness and familiarity with scenes of danger, would be more likely than herself to do the work successfully. She replied that the danger attending the errand was the identical reason that induced her to offer her services; for, as the garrison was very weak, no soldier's life should be placed in jeopardy needlessly, and if she fell her loss would not be felt.

Heroic, but mistaken woman! The world sustains its heaviest loss when such spirits fail! At length the petition of Miss Zane was granted, her relatives preparing to see her sacrificed.

The gate was opened for her to pass out. The opening of the gate attracted the attention of some straggling Indians, and they stopped to gaze on the fearless girl, as she advanced toward the house of her brother.

Savages as they were, they stood spellbound by such a display of daring by a woman. They permitted her to enter the house, where she filled her apron with powder.

When she reappeared, the Indians, suspecting the character of her burden, and losing their admiration in the desire to cut off supplies from the garrison, fired a volley at her as she swiftly glided toward the gate. But the balls all flew wide of the mark, and the fearless girl entered the fort amid the shouts of her friends and relatives.

Such an exhibition of courage and generous devotion was worthy of any heroine of history. Though Elizabeth Zane had no queen's title, she was one of the queens by divine right, to whom all may do homage. The highest effort of heroism is the offer of one's life to save others, and in this kind of nobility Miss Zane was prominent.

Ammunition being secured, the spirit of the garrison was revived, and reinforcements arriving soon after, the assailants were completely baffled and compelled to retreat, which they performed with precipitation.

Fort Henry and the frontiers were saved. All honor to the gallant garrison! All honor to the wives and daughters there collected; and, above all, a fadeless laurel to Elizabeth Zane!

A PIONEER HOUSEWIFE'S SPORT.—SHE FIGHTS A BEAR WITH AN AX-HANDLE.

Young Pickwick's Schooldays.

CHAPTER IV.

THE FAT BOY COMES TO GRIEF.

WHILE young Pickwick and his friends were lamenting the untimely end of Muffins, a handsome traveling carriage stopped before the front entrance of Doctor Waddle's establishment.

From this carriage alighted a tall lady, and a thin, fretful-looking youth, who wore lavender kid gloves, and carried his head very high, as though conscious of his own importance.

The lady demanded to see the master of the house, and with her son was duly ushered into the library.

Doctor Waddle sat before his desk, pen in hand, looking very learned and solemn.

"To what do I owe the honor of this visit?" he said, rising and bowing deeply.

The tall lady briefly explained her business.

She had brought the doctor a new pupil in the person of her son, the Honorable Jonadab Fitzsham.

"I am above all anxious that my dear boy's health should be considered," said Lady Fitzsham. "He must never be allowed to leave the table with his appetite unappeased."

"Madam," returned the doctor, "the health of those who are under my charge is my first consideration. I have at this present time a pupil who is the victim of over-kindness. You shall see him."

The doctor pulled the bell violently.

"Will you allow Jonadab to take leave of me now, and find his way to the playground?" said Lady Fitzsham.

She gave the doctor to understand by pantomime that she had something more to impart when her beloved son should be out of hearing.

The Honorable Fitzsham parted with his mother very coolly, setting his collar after her caresses.

Doctor Waddle gave him minute directions as to the position of the playground, and he passed out of the room.

Fitzsham, as he went out, found the passage blocked up by the figure of a boy.

Such a boy!

The plump person of young Pickwick was lean in comparison with that mountain of flesh standing upright in the passage.

"Please to let me pass," said Fitzsham.

No answer.

"Let me pass," repeated the new pupil, in a louder key.

Still no answer.

"Out of my path, you impertinent fat fellow," said Fitzsham, loftily, and he gave the fat boy a spiteful push.

At this moment the door of the library opened, and the doctor popped out his head.

"Swags," he cried, in a loud voice.

The fat boy gave forth a sonorous snore.

"Why, the fat beast is asleep," was Fitzsham's involuntary exclamation.

"It is a habit he has, my dear young friend!" said the doctor. "Be kind enough to give him a pinch."

"A pinch, sir? I have something better."

And he pulled out a large and sharp pin.

Then Fitzsham, selecting an extensive field for the operation, pinched and thrust the pin into the fat boy with right good will.

"Oh, that hurts," said the fat youth, suddenly opening his little sleepy eyes, and feeling downward, till he felt the pin. "Somebody come and pull this pin out of me! I want to go to sleep again!"

But instead of complying, Fitzsham gave an extra vicious dig with his instrument of torture.

"Oh, I say, don't," grunted the heavy youth; "go away, and give the pin to some other boy. I don't want it. Oh, there, you're doing it again!"

YOUNG PICKWICK'S SCHOOLDAYS.—"THEN THERE WAS HEARD A WHISTLING SOUND. THE MAN'S WHIP CURLED AROUND THE ARISTOCRATIC LIMBS OF THE HONORABLE FITZSHAM."

Joey Snorter came up at that moment, looked at the fat boy, and sighed deeply.

"Here, wake up, old man," he cried, giving the bloated youth a gentle tap on the head with a large key.

But finding that Swags slept on, sublimely unconscious of his efforts to rouse him, Joey Snorter took out his little pocket-handkerchief and burst into tears, a thing he could always do on the slightest provocation.

"Where is the Diddler?" cried Mr. Waddle, coming out into the passage, and closing the door upon his aristocratic visitor. As he spoke he deliberately boxed the weeping Snorter's ear.

"What's the row?" asked the Diddler, appearing. "Ha, pretty youth—fallen asleep—block up doorway—out he comes—trust the Diddler—I'm at him—there."

The Diddler bent his head and dashed it against the fat boy's stomach.

"Oh!" cried Swags, "that hurts. Something too hard for stomach, oh!"

"That's your ticket—come along—Mr. Waddle's waiting—lady visitor—hold your row—wake up."

"This is the boy," said Mr. Waddle, as the triumphant Diddler led Swags into the library.

"Dear me, exclaimed Lady Fitzsham, walking round the bloated youth, "it takes a long time to get round him."

The doctor smiled complacently.

"You see, madam, the effect of over-feeding," he observed.

Lady Fitzsham looked alarmed.

"Perhaps the pure air of this place increases the appetite," she said, hastily; "you must not allow my son to eat himself into such a state as this, Mr. Waddle. Goodness, how much does he eat?"

"I don't eat more than the Diddler," said the fat boy, opening his eyes and mouth at the same time. Having made this remark, he immediately fell into a gentle doze with a loud snore.

"Don't eat more than the Diddler," cried Mr. Waddle, growing red in the face. "Why, you ungrateful boy!"

"I must leave you now. My horses will take a chill," said Lady Fitzsham, stifling a yawn.

The doctor hastily bowed her out.

"Take that degraded fat creature away," he said, angrily, on returning to the library.

"Come along," whispered the Diddler; "servants' supper — bacon and beans—table beer—and so on—a lot for you and a little for me—oh, yes, come, I smell bacon and beans."

The fat boy smacked his lips and allowed himself to be led out of the doctor's presence with singular complacency.

The Diddler and the fat boy entered the kitchen arm-in-arm.

Here they found the table laid for supper.

"All alone—quite snug—help yourself—don't stand on ceremony," cried the Diddler. "Bacon—beans—good."

He filled his plate.

Swags did likewise and slowly began to eat, gloating over the fat bacon.

"Prime!" he exclaimed, with his mouth full.

The Diddler, who was helping himself to some more bacon, merely nodded.

He cleared his plate, and everything eatable having disappeared from the dishes, he took up a small book.

TALES WITH BOYS ABOUT FOREIGN LANDS.—GATHERING COCA IN PERU.—SEE PAGE 350.

The bloated youth's plate was still loaded with meat and vegetables.

"*Listen,*" said the Diddler, opening the book.

"'I thought this heart consuming lay,
On Cupid's burning shrine.'"

"I likes a bullock's heart stuffed," observed the fat boy.

"I'll read you another verse," said the Diddler, looking with longing eyes at the contents of the fat boy's plate.

The poetry proved too much for Swags, and he fell asleep, knife and fork in hand.

It was with this end in view that the Diddler read aloud the poetry.

Slowly casting his swivel eye around the apartment, the eccentric youth rose, and standing beside the fat boy, quickly cleared his well-filled plate.

The Diddler then concealed the plate, knife, and fork he had himself made use of, and sat down before the window, book in hand.

"Where's my pork-and-beans?" cried the fat boy, suddenly awaking.

"Half-digested," returned the Diddler, opening the book and holding up his hand. "Hear this:

'A broken cake, with honey sweet,
Is all my spare and simple treat,
And while a generous bowl I crown,
To feast my little banquet down,
I take the soft, the amorous lyre——'"

"And poke the fat boy in the fire," added Bob Fairfit, looking in at the kitchen-window. "I say, what's the matter with Swags?"

"Wants more to eat—filthy grubber," returned the Diddler, with a grin. "He should be like me—soon satisfied. Too fat—all stomach—and so on."

"You don't mean to tell me that he has cleared the table?" cried Bob Fairfit, looking at the empty dishes.

The Diddler nodded.

"Yes," eat it all himself — awful appetite — die soon for want of breath—poor Swags!"

Swags did not attempt to defend himself against the charge; he wanted to go to sleep.

Besides, he knew that the Diddler would talk him down.

With a loud sigh, which shook the crockery ware on the dresser, the fat boy once more fell asleep.

"Well, if ever I saw such a porpoise," cried Bob Fairfit; "won't he catch it when the servants come down to supper, that's all! Why, he's left them nothing to eat."

"Stand out of the way—I'm coming—leave him to fight it out," cried the Diddler, placing his hand on the window-sill.

He alighted by the side of Bob Fairfit.

"That's right," said Bob; "we can stand here and see the fun without being seen."

A very red-faced lady came bustling into the kitchen.

She stopped short on beholding the condition of the supper-table, and held up her hands, crying out in a loud voice:

"Oh, the wretch!"

Catching sight of the fat boy, she fell upon him tooth and nail, shouting:

"Take that, and that!"

"I save me alone," cried Swags, "What are you doing? You'll hurt my poor stomach."

"What have you been doing of?" cried the irate lady; "that's what I want to know. Where's the pork and beans?"

The fat boy returned no answer, only unfastening his jacket.

His eyes closed lazily, and he gave a heavy snore and was off to sleep again.

"How dare you show your ugly nose in my kitchen?" cried the cook, hitting the bloated youth over the head with a rolling-pin.

"Ha, ha, ha!" yelled Bob, who could no longer repress his mirth; "he'll wake up soon; let him have some more on the same place. Ha ha."

The Diddler kept in the background.

He had no desire to quarrel with the cook, with whom he was a great favorite.

"You have put him up to this, Master Bob," cried Mrs. Hardtopp, the cook, turning her inflamed face toward the window.

"Upon my life, I did nothing of the kind," returned Bob, coming forward. "The poor fellow, seeing the table laid for supper, very naturally sat down to have a snack. Don't he look as though he wanted something to eat?"

"Have a snack?" cried Mrs. Hardtopp.

"It is no more to him," said Bob, gravely. "I believe he is as hungry as a hunter at the present moment. Try him with some bread-and-cheese."

Mrs. Hardtopp angrily flung the rolling-pin at Bob's head, and hastily cleaning to avoid the blow, young Fairfit ran off, laughing:

"Give poor hungry Swags the rolling-pin; I don't want it, Mrs. Hardtopp."

The Diddler followed suit, and the fat boy was left to his fate.

"I came to tell you that the doctor has got a new pupil," said Bob, "but Swags put it out of my head."

"New pupil—nice fellow—glad to see him—very," returned the Diddler.

"Well, he isn't exactly what I should call a nice fellow," said Bob. "He won't join in any of our games, and he has attached himself to Bully Mungal. See, there they stand, as thick as thieves already. Come along, Diddler."

CHAPTER V.

WASPY WILL MEETS HIS MATCH.

"YOU don't seem to care about playing with the other boys," said Bully Mungal, addressing the Honorable Fitzsham.

"No; I never indulge in anything noisy and low," said that young exquisite. "I hate any game that soils the hands or covers them with blisters."

"Billiards would suit you better," said the Mungal, eagerly.

"Yes," said Jonadab; "there's no chance of getting a game here, I suppose?"

"I don't know so much about that; on the sly, perhaps," returned Bully Mungal, checking a smile.

Fitzham's affected manners amused the Bully.

He could see plainly enough that Jonadab considered himself, to all intents and purposes, a man.

"What do you mean?" said Fitzsham.

"Well, I mean that I can always have a game, when I choose."

"Can you?" said Fitzsham.

Bully Mungal nodded.

He was a senior boy, and had, of course, more privileges than many of his schoolfellows.

He was allowed to go down to the town; and the eye of the old turnpike man had no terror for him.

This, of course, made him an object of envy to the other boys. He was also allowed to take a junior with him, and this alone was enough to make many eager to retain his friendship.

But Pickwick and his chums were not among the number; they would not stand his brutal ways.

"Look here, Fitzsham," said Bully Mungal, "if you really wish it, I will take you to a place where we can play, on condition that you never betray the secret to a living soul."

"You are very kind," returned Fitzsham; "and I promise."

"Where are they off to — arm-in-arm? Queer couple!" said the Diddler to Pickwick, who just then came up.

"Oh, don't bother about them!" returned Pickwick; "let us go on with our game."

He had forgotten Miffins.

"Pickey, I mean to follow—find them out—up to mischief—can't do me!" cried the Diddler.

He started in pursuit.

The Diddler was a boy of the world, and knew that Bully Mungal must have some purpose in striking up such a sudden friendship with young Fitzsham.

A wagon was passing the school.

Bully Mungal hailed the driver.

"Hi, hi!"

"What do you want?" asked the man, sulkily.

"Civility, old man, and a ride," retorted the Bully.

"What will yer give?"

"Leave that to me," said Fitzsham, haughtily.

"S'pose I must," returned the man, impressed by the Honorable Fitzsham's manner and appearance. "Up you go."

Bully Mungal and Fitzsham were soon seated in the wagon.

"Come up!" cried the man to his horses, as he cracked his heavy whip.

Once more the wagon slowly jolted on its way, shaking the Honorable Fitzsham in a very uncomfortable manner.

He had never been in such a vehicle before.

He preferred it to walking.

Just as the wagon started the Diddler came in sight.

"I'm all there," he cried.

He ran after it and hung on behind.

The town was soon reached.

Here the Diddler found his position far from comfortable.

Little boys yelled out:

"Whip behind! there's Daddy Longlegs holding on."

The Diddler was then compelled to continue his journey on foot.

But he managed to keep the wagon in sight.

At last the heavy vehicle stopped suddenly.

Mungal and his new friend alighted.

The Diddler, quick as thought, dodged under an archway.

They entered a public-house on the opposite side of the way.

Crossing the road, the Diddler looked in at the open door.

"Dear boys, I'm looking," said the Diddler to himself.

Bully Mungal was shaking hands with a sharp-looking individual with a cunning leer on his ugly countenance.

"Fitzsham, allow me to introduce you to Waspy Will," said Bully Mungal.

"Humble servant," said Waspy Will, touching his hat.

"My friend, the Honorable Fitzsham, is considered a very good billiard-player," said Mungal.

"No, no!" cried Fitzsham; "you're too kind to think so."

"Well, we'll soon put that to the proof," observed Waspy Will, as he led the way to a room up-stairs. "Will you kindly come with me, sir."

Immediately afterward the Diddler entered the bar, and ordered a glass of beer.

He could distinctly hear the click of billiard-balls. This continued for some time.

The Diddler yawned several times, and kept his eyes fixed upon a round-faced Dutch clock.

"Well, I'm getting tired, but I must know Bully's little game with the new boy, and so on."

He was much relieved when he heard the sound of footsteps descending the stairs.

Bully Mungal and the Wasp were smiling.

But the Diddler fancied that Fitzsham looked annoyed.

Bully Mungal started on catching sight of the Diddler.

"Hallos, what are you doing here?" cried Mungal.

"Felt thirsty—looked in—glass of ale—glad to see you—nice place!" said the Diddler.

"I shall not stop in this place any longer," said Fitzsham. "I did not like it from the first. I shall go."

Before Mungal and his friend could interfere he was off.

"I am right down glad he is gone," said Waspy Will. "I hates a chap as considers himself above everybody, let alone not liking to lose a paltry three pounds!"

Bully Mungal was very pale.

"I shall be in a nice fix if he tells old Birch of this," he said, nervously; "but I'll have more out of him yet."

The Diddler's keen ears took in every word.

"So you have won three pounds, Mr. Waspy," he thought.

"I should like to have a game with somebody," remarked Waspy Will, glancing at the Diddler.

"The Diddler does not understand billiards," said Mungal.

"I'll play any game your friend likes to name," returned Waspy Will. "I am not particular; you know that."

The Diddler looked from the sharp face of Waspy Will to the heavy face of Bully Mungal, and drew his own conclusions.

"I play skittles," he said; "knock 'em down—pick 'em up—and so on—one, two, three."

"No other game?" queried Waspy Will.

The Diddler shook his head.

"Fine game—make you strong in arm—ancient Roman game—so on."

Waspy Will was disgusted.

It so happened that the Diddler had picked out the only game in which he was not a proficient.

He slinkily led the way to the skittle-ground.

"Well, come on."

"Fire away," cried the Diddler. "Your first go—balls look like Dutch cheeses—very—hard to digest—have 'em boiled."

Away went Waspy Will's ball, knocking down six of the nine pins.

Waspy Will looked round with a smile on his ugly phiz. He began to feel more confident of success.

"Now, your turn."

"My turn — stand aside — there goes the Dutch cheese," cried the Diddler.

He picked up the ball in a clumsy fashion and flung it in the air.

The man whose duty it was to replace the nine pins gave a terrific howl as the ball descended on his shins.

"Very sorry," said the Diddler—"can't be helped—better luck next time—I will throw harder."

"Look here," growled the man, "I am not going to be knocked about by the likes of you, and so I tell you."

"Shan't occur again," returned the Diddler. "Take a shilling—buy plaster—well in no time—keep the ball rolling—do you good."

Waspy Will was much elated.

At the end of the game he found himself the winner of half a crown, the amount at stake.

"Have another—I'm your man," cried the Diddler, without the slightest manifestation of annoyance.

Bully Mungal winked at Waspy Will not to play. The wink was quite lost upon that worthy.

He looked upon the Diddler as a flat.

"Perhaps we had better increase the stakes," he observed.

"All serene," cried the Diddler; "I am willing—what shall it be? Something rather good—one pound?"

"I don't mind," said Waspy Will, looking doubtfully at the Diddler's shabby garments.

But the Diddler marked the hesitation in his voice, and drew forth the money.

The game commenced.

Gracefully balancing himself on one leg, the Diddler threw the ball with inimitable ease and precision, scattering the nine pins right and left.

"Good for a fool, very—try again—good for the arms."

Waspy was not long in finding that he had made a slight mistake.

The Diddler carried all before him.

"I have been done," cried Waspy Will, turning on Bully Mungal. "This is a nice trick to serve me, but I'll be even with you. You've let me in for this."

"I have had nothing to do with it," said Bully Mungal, betraying the greatest anxiety to conciliate Waspy Will. "The Diddler will bear me out in that statement."

The eccentric youth, who was in the act of pocketing his winnings, smiled and nodded.

"Well, all I know is I have been made a fool of!" said Waspy Will, sullenly.

"I am very sorry," said Mungal, with great meekness.

A bully is the mildest creature in existence when he meets with his match.

"Farewell, Waspy. You're a very honest fellow," cried the Diddler, as he went toward the door. "Keep up your pecker—another game to-morrow night, old boy—catch a fool next time—and so on."

"I am not going to stand his cheek," said Waspy Will, as the door slammed behind the Diddler. "I mean to have my money back, if I knocks him on the head for it."

And with these words the rascal, Waspy Will, rushed after the laughing Diddler.

Bully Mungal, who was pale and trembling, followed.

(To be continued.)

"Young Pickwick's Schooldays" was commenced in No. 661.

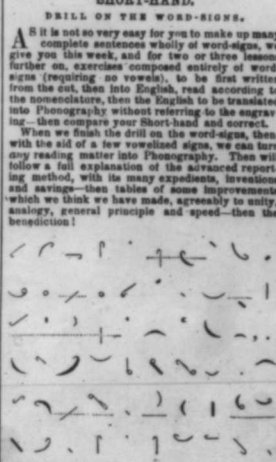
PETER THE GREAT, wishing to teach his people a lesson of obedience, instituted private societies, of which he was himself a simple member. The rules of these societies were very stringent. An amusing anecdote is recorded of the czar in connection with them. Once, it appears, he met in the streets of St. Petersburg a person who held an office above him in a particular association, and forgot to salute him. For this Peter was arraigned, and being found guilty on the charge of disrespect, was ordered to pay a fine. He readily acquiesced.

EASY LESSONS IN PHONOGRAPHY, OR SHORT-HAND.

DRILL ON THE WORD-SIGNS.

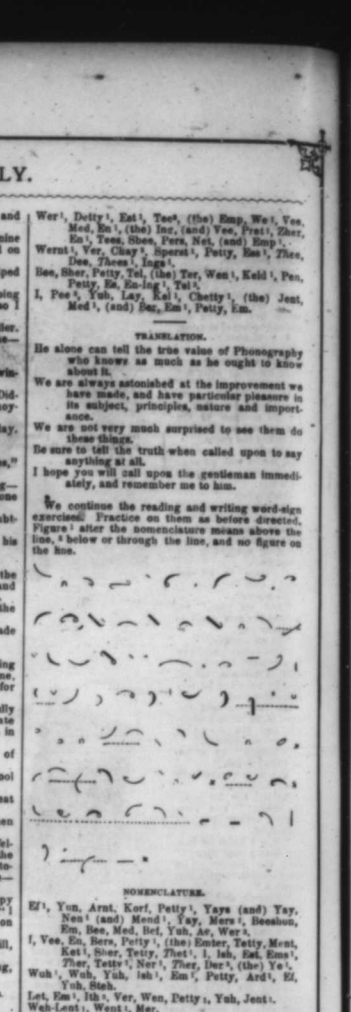
AS it is not so very easy for you to make up many complete sentences wholly of word-signs, we give you this week, and for two or three lessons further on, exercises composed entirely of word-signs (requiring no vowels), to be first written from the out, then into English, read according to the nomenclature, then the English to be translated into Phonography without referring to the engraving—then compare your Short-hand and correct.

When we finish the drill on the word-signs, then, with the aid of a few vowelized signs, we can turn *any* reading matter into Phonography. Then will follow a full explanation of the advanced reporting method, with its many expedients, inventions and savings—then tables of some improvements which we think we have made, agreeably to unity, analogy, general principle and speed—then the benediction!



NOMENCLATURE.

Hay, Len, Ken, Tel, (the) Ter [2], Vel [1], Petty [1], Fen, Jetty, Ens, Ins, Chay [2], Iss, Hay, Chetty, En, Betty [2], Tee.



NOMENCLATURE.

Wer [1], Detty [1], Eat [1], Tee [2], (the) Emp, We [1], Vee, Med, En [1], (the) Ing, (and) Vee, Pret [1], Zher, En [1], Tess, Shee, Pers, Net, (and) Emp [1].

Werrat [1], Ver, Chay [2], Sperat [1], Petty, Ess [1], Zhee, Dee, Thees [1], Ings [1].

Bee, Sher, Petty, Tel, (the) Ter, Wea [1], Keld [1], Pen, Petty, Es, En-ing [1], Tel [2].

I, Pee [2], Yuh, Lay, Kel [1], Chetty [1], (the) Jent, Med [1], (and) Ter, En [1], Petty, Em.

TRANSLATION.

He alone can tell the true value of Phonography who knows as much as he ought to know about it.

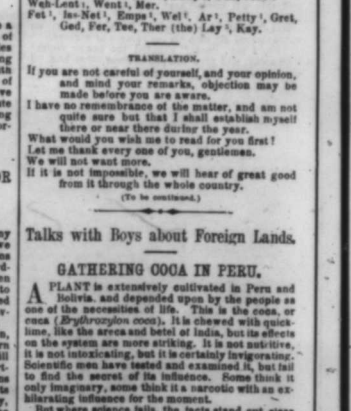
We are always astonished at the improvement we have made, and have particular pleasure in its subject, principles, nature and importance.

We are not very much surprised to see them do these things.

Be sure to tell the truth when called upon to say anything at all.

I hope you will call upon the gentleman immediately, and remember me to him.

We continue the reading and writing word-sign exercises. Practice on them as before directed. Figure [1] after the nomenclature means above the line, [2] below or through the line, and no figure on the line.



NOMENCLATURE.

Ef [1], You, Arnt, Korf, Petty [1], Yays (and) Yay, Nen [1] (and) Mend [1], Yay, Mere [1], Beeshon, Em, Bee, Med, Bet, Yuh, Ae, Wer [2],

I, Yee, En, Bere, Petty [1], (the) Emter, Tetty, Ment, Ket [1], Sher, Tetty, Thet [1], I, Ish, Est, Ems [1], Ther, Tetter [1], Ket [1], Ther, Der [1], (the) Ye [1],

Wuh [1], Wuh, Yuh, Ish [1], Em [1], Petty, Ard [1], Ef, Yuh, Steh.

Let, Em [1], Ith [2], Ver, Wen, Petty [1], Yuh, Jent [1].

Weh-Lent [1], Went [1], Mer.

Fet [1], Ies-Net [1], Emps [1], Wel [2], Ar [1], Petty [1], Gret, Ged, Fer, Tee, Ther (the) Lay [2], Kay.

TRANSLATION.

If you are not careful of yourself, and your opinion, and mind your remarks, objection may be made before you are aware.

I have no remembrance of the matter, and am not quite sure but that I shall establish myself there or near there during the year.

What would you wish me to read for you first?

Let me thank every one of you, gentlemen.

We will not want more.

It it is not impossible, we will hear of great good from it through the whole country.

(To be continued.)

Talks with Boys about Foreign Lands.

GATHERING COCA IN PERU.

A PLANT is extensively cultivated in Peru and Bolivia, and depended upon by the people as one of the necessaries of life. This is the coca, or cuca (*Erythroxylon coca*). It is chewed with quicklime, like the areca and betel of India, but its effects on the system are more striking. It is not nutritive, it is not intoxicating, but it is certainly invigorating. Scientific men have tested and examined it, but fail to find the secret of its influence. Some think it only imaginary, some think it a narcotic with an exhilarating influence for the moment.

But where science fails, the facts stand out clear and plain. Indians, with little food, but constantly chewing coca, travel on foot journeys of two hundred miles in three days. And this they do not in exceptional cases, but steadily. They are never seen helpless from its effects, as men become from opium or liquor. On the contrary, it helps and aids men to work. With it men can toil on for twenty or thirty consecutive hours, unrefreshed by sleep.

About a pound a week is issued to a man; yet its strength is such that, when used for a tea, four or five leaves are enough to steep for six persons.

The Republic of Peru introduces the coca and the vicuña into her coat-of-arms as one of the characteristic productions of the country.

The cultivation is easy, and is extensively carried on in the valley of Junin. The gathering of the crop, from January to March, is a general merry-making. Men and women flock to the fields, gathering the leaves into sloths, which, when full, are emptied into baskets. When all is gathered, the leaves are spread on a rough basket-work to dry for two or three days, and are then packed in bags to be sent to all parts.

When the labor is ended, dancing and drinking begin, and excesses of all kinds result. This we need not picture either in words or artistically.

The plant is one that deserves a more extended study than it has yet received. Its effect on the laboring classes in Peru is certainly not intoxicating nor enervating; on the contrary, it has, like tea and coffee, and in a higher degree, the power of supplying vital force as a substitute for food.

No attempt, that we remember, has been made to cultivate the plant elsewhere, yet the valleys of Mexico and our southern borders would seem to supply the same conditions required for its success in Peru. It is strange indeed that a plant figuring in the arms of one of our sister American Republics should be so completely unknown to us.

SIX SPLENDID STORIES!

The Slave of the Mine;
Or,
Jack Harkaway in 'Frisco,
By BRACEBRIDGE HEMYNG.

Long Jim, the Scout;
Or,
The Death Valley of the Apaches,
By HENRY R. BRISBANE,
And
Young Pickwick's School-days,
Have just begun.

Minnie's Rescue from the Wilds of Siberia,
Or,
The Daring Adventures of Two Brave Boys,
By ROGER STARBUCK.

Orville and Dan;
Or,
Adventures in Japan,
By COMMODORE AH-LOOK.

Roy the Ranger:
A Story of the Mexican War.

To those of our readers who are desirous of obtaining a full and interesting record of all the important current events of the day we recommend FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER. *No event of importance transpires unnoticed by it. Each number contains eight pages of the most interesting illustrations, one page being devoted to foreign subjects. Admirable serial stories, useful information, the latest discoveries among the wonders of nature and art, instructive editorials, cartoons, etc., etc., continually appear. It is a perfect library of reference concerning the history of the world for the past twenty-three years. It is published every Wednesday. Single copies, price 10 cents; annual subscription, $4, post-paid.*

CAUTION.

Subscribers, in ordering our publications, should be careful to write the name of FRANK LESLIE *in full, and direct their letters to 53, 55 and 57 Park Place, New York, from which address all our publications are issued.*

Advertisements for any of Frank Leslie's Publications will be received, at regular rates, by OSS. *W. R. Crooks, 1,309 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.*

FRANK LESLIE'S
Boys' & Girls' Weekly
THE
BEST BOYS' PAPER PUBLISHED.

COMMODORE AH-LOOK writes for it.
ROGER STARBUCK writes for it.
BRACEBRIDGE HEMYNG writes for it.
W. O. STODDARD writes for it.
LIEUT. JAYNE writes for it.

Send Twenty-five Cents
FOR SPECIMEN COPY OF
Frank Leslie's
SUNDAY MAGAZINE.

Read "The Wit, Wisdom and Pathos of Childhood"; see the purest and best stories and poems for
Boys and Girls,
and grown people. It makes Sunday a cheerful day. There is nothing stupid, morose or heavy in our **Sunday Magazine.** Every man who wants to have a glad and happy household should let his children have the **Sunday Magazine.**

BE SURE READ THE ABOVE TO YOUR PARENTS.

Frank Leslie's Publishing House,
53, 55 & 57 Park Place, New York.

THE ROUND TABLE.

PRIZES.

To be Read by all who Send Answers.

FOR A COMPLETE SET OF ANSWERS TO ALL THE ENIGMAS, ETC., IN THIS NUMBER.

For the best and earliest, due allowance being made for the distance of each competitor - $5.00
For the next best - - - - - - - 2.50
For the third in merit and promptness - - 1.00

N. B.—There is no prize offered for an answer to only one puzzle or riddle. The answers must be to ALL. Competitors in all parts of the country have an equal chance.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES, ETC., IN No. 658.

1. Canada, Aromas, Nocent, Amerce, Dancer, Astern. 2. Spiders, Insects—Spermaceti, PeoN, Inuendo, DiseaSe, EpidemiC, RioT, SoppreSs. 3. Y, Fee, Argel, Free-die, Vegetable, Nodated, Libel, Eld, E. 4. Pen-man-ship: 5. Ill-(b)-iter-ate. 6. Bracee, Repent, Apollo, Cellar, Enlace, Stored. 7. Dea(r)th. 8. Hart-ford. 9. Wall-flower. 10. Shallow, Hollow, All, How.

WINNERS OF PRIZES IN No. 658.

1.—Louis Gascoign, 82 First Street, Detroit, Mich.
2.—Blanchet, Box 76, Morristown, N. J.
3.—H. A. Holden, 436 M Street, Washington, D. C.

ENIGMAS, CHARADES, ETC.

1.—EIGHT-LETTER SQUARE WORDS.

FAIRED, and half the name of a neighboring province; a small piece, a vowel and affection, all reversed; a plant; constituents; an exclamation, a color and a place for baking; desirable qualities and a vowel; a chasm and a snare.

2.—CHARADE.

My first with lamb you quite approve;
These insects in them gnaw a groove;
My whole are birds, or country folk,
Though in this land we've other talk.

3.—DIAMOND PUZZLE.

A thousand; to ask; part of a door; a barnacle; a collection of animals; belonging to a class; dismal; almost sick; a vowel.

4.—CHARADE.

My first and my last are precisely the same;
Children oft call one parent by this little pet name;
My whole as a vegetable you surely must know;
Its rosy-red fruit for our tables you grow.

5.—ENIGMA.

I'm precious to many, I'm needful to all,
No matter how great, and no matter how small;
By monarch and peasant I'm daily employed;
By brute beasts and plants I am also enjoyed.

Few meals are without me in some shape or form;
I'm sometimes used cold, and I'm sometimes used warm.
But direst disease and foul trouble expect,
If outward applying you often neglect.

From want of me many have saddened and died,
Though just then around them I spread far and wide;
Yet having too much of me causes the same.
Now, riddle me out, and then tell me my name.

6.—CENTRAL DELETION.

Life eternal, never ending,
Down from age to age descending,
Time's destroying hand defying,
Unimpaired and never dying.
Shakespeare won it, and his name
Lives for aye in brightest fame.

Lowering, and foul, and base,
Sure forerunner of disgrace;
Dear Young Folks avoid its way,
Keep from its o'erruling sway.
Stealing joy and love, and leaving
Miserable shame and grieving.

7.—DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

Primals and finals clearly trace,
What many expect soon to take place.
Great primals of land railroads obtain,
You can get honest final by industry and pain.

A State in inner Afric seek;
Glide down this river's romantic stream.
Of this high mount did Noah speak;
In Oceanica I've met this name;
Around the world this he late made,
Nor saw this battlefield, 'tis said.

8.—SQUARE WORDS.

A garment; to fly steadily over; a task; plants; a promise.

9.—CHARADE.

We first moored our shallop to the next,
And when with questions as to luck were vext,
We told that we had only one poor whole yet taken,
We were well laughed at, if I'm not mistaken.

10.—DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

Of lead and iron you oft primals see,
Of steel or gold finals most frequent be.
This is a fruit seed, so they call;
Cool drinks with this till snow doth fall;
This fiery drink best not touch at all.
In primals and finals men do not keep wine—
It is rather a place for filthy swine.

FUN FOR THE BOYS.

A CORRESPONDENT at Portland, Oregon, furnishes this of the "Heathen Chinee": "John," had bought a watch at our jeweler's, but as it ran too slow he took it back, saying, "Watchee no good." "What is the matter with it?" asked the jeweler. "Oh," said John, "watchee too much by'm-by."

SUMMER PLAINS.

ROMANCE.

With winds that set the leaves astir
In Nature's ceaseless murmurings
(Like some melodious dulcimer
Whose music dies upon the strings);
Whose bird-song sweet, in smiling May
Our term of toil shall pass away.

Then, strolling near some plaintive stream,
With her who seems divinely fair,
I'll watch the rippling sunlight gleam
Athwart her braids of golden hair;
And lingering in the leafy grove,
We'll tell once more the tale of love.

Or when the twilight dims the sky,
And night lets down her dusty bars,
I'll gaze upon those love-lit eyes
That shame the splendor of the stars;
While from the drowsy forest nigh,
Resoundeth Nature's lullaby.

REALITY.

All day with unrelenting munch,
And aggravating buzz of wings,
The gay mosquito takes his lunch
Till man half dies beneath the stings.
The mercury o'en in the shade,
Skips up 500° Centigrade.

And Nature's minstrels—where are they?
In scorching heat their powers are spent;
The birds have struck for higher pay,
The streams don't murmur for a cent;
But all night long, repose to rout,
The beastly beetles boom about.

And she I loved, that festive maid
Who figured largely in my plans,
Is whispering, 'neath the maple's shade,
Soft nothings—to another man;
While in the bog across the way,
The bullfrog pipes his roundelay.

A BOY, who was too lazy to work on a farm, was asked by his father what kind of business he would like to go into. The boy said he thought he would like to go into a counting-house, for he thought it would take a long time to find him a place, and meanwhile he could remain idle. So they sent for the schoolmaster to see what the boy knew about arithmetic. "Tell me," said the schoolmaster, "how much 9½lbs. of beef would cost, at 3½c. a pound. "That's a hard one to do," said the boy, "with two halves in it. Couldn't you make one of 'em a 10?" "Very well," said the schoolmaster; "then tell us what 10lbs. of beef would cost at 3½c. a pound?" The boy was in a quandary. He had no idea of the multiplication table, but he was a sharp boy and he got out of the scrape. "Three and a half cents a pound," said he; "pshaw, that's nonsense. You can't buy no sort of beef for 3½c. a pound."

JONES had been looking for a room for some time. One rainy day Smythe hailed him with, "Have you got a room yet?" "Yes," growled Jones, "I have got the room-attics, which is more room than I wanted. It is room-ored that Smythe fainted away.

ONE of the school-board, going his rounds as an amateur, put the following question to a scholar in a country school: "How do you parse 'Mary milked the cow'?" The last word was disposed of as follows: "Cow is a noun, feminine gender, singular number, third person, and stands for Mary."

"Stands for Mary!" exclaimed he of the board. "How do you make that out?"

"Because," added the intelligent pupil, "if the cow didn't stand for Mary, how could Mary milk her?"

ADVERTISEMENTS.

THE COLUMBIA BICYCLE.—A practical road-machine. Easy to learn to ride. An ordinary rider can distance the best horse in a day's run over ordinary roads. Send three-cent stamp for seventy-four page illustrated catalogue, with price list and full information. The Pope Manuf'g Co., 95 Summer Street, Boston, Mass.

PIMPLES "Black heads," etc. No matter how badly you are pestered with them, DR. GEORGE K. STODDARD, Buffalo, N. Y., has a *sure* and *certain* remedy. It is harmless, pleasant, and easy to apply. He warrants it to remove them in 2 to 4 days always, and leave skin clear, smooth and unblemished every time. Five packages cures them all up. Sent postpaid, in plain wrapper, for 25 cents. Stamps taken.

75 foreign unused and used stamps from Cape Verd, San Marino, Brazil, Dutch Indies, Brazil Rades, Lund Post, etc., for 45 cts. GEORGE ROSENBERG, 838 John Street, Cincinnati, Ohio. Pub. *Ohio Philatelist.*

52 Perfumed, ocean gems & gilt-edge ass't'd cards, name in gold, 10c. Franklin Printing Co., W. Haven, Ct.

200 foreign stamps, 15c.; 75 varieties, 15c. Circulars free. C. B. Russell, 139th St., Mott Haven, N. Y.

Frank Leslie's
CHATTERBOX,
AN
Interesting, Entertaining and Instructive Publication for Children,
Containing pleasing Stories, Tales, Adventures, Natural and Scriptural History, Poetry, Floriculture, etc., etc.

FRANK LESLIE'S CHATTERBOX is an entirely original and thoroughly American publication, and not a reprint of the English work of a similar title.

48 Quarto Pages---Profuse and Beautiful Engravings.

Published monthly. Sold by all newsdealers, price 10 cents a copy. Annual subscription, $1, postpaid.

Frank Leslie's Publishing House,
53, 55 & 57 Park Place, New York.

THE EXCELSIOR **$3 Press** Prints labels, cards, etc. Self-inker $7; 2 Largest size for business, pleasure, young or old. Catalogue of Presses, Type, Etc., for 2 stamps. KELSEY & Co., Meriden, Conn. **ROTARY JOB PRESS, $100.** Ours is the largest factory in the United States.

PHOTOGRAPHIC APPARATUS Complete, 50 cents. postpaid (is so simple that any boy or girl can photograph perfectly at once); contains all the necessary chemicals, printing-frame, negatives, albumen paper, directions, etc. Worth Brothers, 727 Sixth Street, New York.

JUDGE FOR YOURSELF By sending 35 cents, with age, height, color of eyes and hair, you will receive by return mail a correct picture of your future husband or wife, with name and date of marriage.
Address, W. FOX, Box 905, Fultonville, N. Y.

SEND 15 cents and procure Printed Lessons for 5 different kinds of Fancy Painting. Address, LEE GRAND, Box 1312, Kansas City, Mo.

$5 to 20 per day at home. Samples worth $5 free. Address, STINSON & Co., Portland, Maine.

$72 A WEEK. $12 a day at home easily made. Costly outfit free. Address, TRUE & Co., Augusta, Maine.

$66 a week in your own town. Terms and $5 outfit free. Address, H. HALLET & Co., Portland, Me.

$777 A YEAR and expenses to agents. Outfit free. Address, P. O. VICKERY, Augusta, Maine.

50 Chromo, snowflake and lace cards, with name, 10c. 40 all chromos, 10c. Star Print'g Co., Northford, Ct.

50 Snowflake, Chromo, etc. **CARDS.** Name in Gold and Jet, 10c. U. S. CARD CO., Northford, Conn.

50 Perfumed, Snowflake, Chromo, Motto cards, name in gold and jet, 10c. G. A. Spring, E. Wallingford, Ct.

$77 a Month and expenses guaranteed to Agents. Outfit free. SHAW & Co., AUGUSTA, MAINE.

SEND FOR
Frank Leslie's
MARVELOUSLY CHEAP BOOKS.

8vo., Heavy Paper Covers, Illustrated.

	Cts.
MICHAEL STROGOFF. By JULES VERNE	25
FRITZ, THE EMIGRANT. By CHARLES GAYLER	25
MONTAGUE; OR, THE BELLE OF THE MATINEE. By CHARLES GAYLER	25
REAPING THE WHIRLWIND. By MARY CECIL HAY	25
JACK HARKAWAY OUT WEST AMONG THE INDIANS. By BRACEBRIDGE HEMYNG	30
LONE WOLF, THE APACHE CHIEF. By ROBERT H. JAYNE	15

Convenient 12mo. Books, Bound in Boards, Uniform in Style.

LIVING OR DEAD. A Story Founded on Fact. 288 pages, heavy board covers	50
WIFE IN NAME ONLY. By the Author of "Dora Thorne," etc., etc. 288 pages, heavy board covers	50
THE HALF-SISTERS. A Story of Metropolitan Life. 288 pages, heavy board covers	50
A RUSSIAN BULLET AND A BROKEN HEART. 288 pages, heavy board covers	50

For sale by all Newsdealers and at all Bookstores, or sent, postage paid, to any address in the United States, on receipt of the price named. Address,

Frank Leslie's Publishing House,
53, 55 and 57 Park Place, New York.

THE SOLARGRAPH WATCH!
ONLY $1.00.

A perfect Time-keeper, Hunting-Case, and HEAVY PLATED CHAIN, latest style. We warrant it for five years to denote time as accurately as a $100 Chronometer Watch, and will give the exact time to any part of the world. It also contains a FIRST-CLASS COMPASS, worth alone the price we charge for the Time-keeper. For Men, Boys, Mechanics, School Teachers, Travellers and Farmers, it is indispensable. They are as good as a high-priced watch, and for emergency cases more reliable. Boys, think of it! A Hunting-Case Watch and Chain for $1.00. The SOLARGRAPH WATCH is used by C. H. Peirce, Principal of the Charlestown High School, and is being fast introduced into all the schools throughout the United States, and is destined to become the most useful Time-keeper ever invented. THE SOLARGRAPH WATCH received a medal at the Mechanics' Fair, at Boston, in 1878.

This is no toy, but is made on scientific principles, and every one warranted to be accurate and reliable. We have made the price very low, simply to introduce them at once, after which the price will be raised.

The SOLARGRAPH WATCH AND CHAIN is put up in a neat morocco case, and sent to any address for $1.00. Address plainly, HUB MANUFACTURING CO., Boston, Mass.

Sent by mail, pre-paid, provided 12 cents in postage stamps are enclosed.

IN A DEN OF RATTLESNAKES.

TERRIBLE ADVENTURE OF A PARTY OF SCHOOLGIRLS IN THE MOUNTAINS.

THE Reading *Eagle* reports that a young lady in that city lately received the following letter from her friend, who is at boarding-school, giving a thrilling account of her adventure with a huge rattlesnake:

"DEAR MAGGIE: Three weeks ago yesterday afternoon two young ladies besides myself, who had gone out in a walking-party with one of the teachers at the school in this place, strolled off from the rest of the party, and losing our way, were unable for some time to tell where we were, as the woods and underwoods were so thick that the further we penetrated into it the more difficult our passage became. We wandered to and fro for a long time, until almost overcome with fatigue, when we sat down on a huge boulder to recover our lost strength. Looking at our watches, we found that we had been on the mountain nearly six hours, and felt hungry, distressed and tired. It was about five o'clock in the afternoon, and twilight was fast approaching. 'Oh, for something to eat,' my companion said, and then we could struggle on and try to find the school again.' She appeared to be the picture of despair. We were sitting some feet above the ground alongside of a huge oak-tree, and presently I felt something moving on my neck. I placed my hand to my neck to remove it, when, horrible to relate, I grasped something round and soft, which hissed like an adder. I tried to pull it from my neck, but it wriggled and squirmed, and my companion, seeing the monster on my body, shrieked and screamed and almost fainted. Just at that moment the head made a dart at my breast, with mouth wide open and tongue elongated, and hissing a death-like and horrible sound.

"My left hand was about six inches from its head, and in order to prevent being bitten I grasped it right behind the eyes with my right hand. Holding it in this way for several seconds, my companion shrieked to me to throw the snake from me. I tried to do so, but was powerless, being, as it seemed to me, transfixed or charmed to the spot by the horrid eyes of the monster. I tried to talk, but my jaws would not open, and my tongue appeared stiff. I felt the cold sweat trickling down my back, and large drops of perspiration stood on my forehead. My face was as white as the driven snow, and I could neither move nor talk, but seemed to be as stiff as a post.

"It makes me shudder, as I write, to think of the stare of the reptile. Annie, my companion, seeing my dangerous situation, screamed for help. She seemed to have been bereft of reason, for instead of coming to my assistance she started to run away. Trying to turn my head to see whither she had gone, the eyes of the snake were also directed in the direction in which Annie was shrieking.

From that moment the snake's spell on me was broken, and with all my strength I hurled it from me. No sooner had the snake landed on the ground than I ran with the fleetness of the deer, fearing that it would overtake me.

"Judge of my feelings when, almost out of breath, and ready to sink down to the earth from sheer exhaustion, I turned around and found a snake with three others several paces from me in hot pursuit. I remembered that snakes were afraid of anything red. Fortunately, having on a red skirt, I immediately exposed it to the reptiles' view, and they at once stopped the pursuit. I advanced toward them, shaking my red skirt, and they retreated. I gathered up and threw stones at them, and killed the largest one, when the others escaped through the rocks.

"Just at this moment a deputation from the school, who had been in search of us, came up. The large snake that had coiled itself around my neck was found by the escort, and it measures nine feet and four inches."

THE DISCOVERY OF MATCHES.

THE story of this discovery has been told by Mr. Holden himself in the House of Commons before a Select Committee appointed to inquire into the workings of the Patent Laws.

We cannot do better, therefore, than give it in his own words:

"I began as an inventor on a very small scale," said Mr. Holden, in the course of his evidence. "For what I know I was the first inventor of lucifer matches; but it was the result of a happy thought. In the morning I used to get up at four o'clock in order to pursue my studies, and I used at that time the flint and steel, in the use of which I found very great inconvenience. I gave lectures in chemistry at the time at a very large academy. Of course I knew, as other chemists did, the explosive material that was necessary in order to produce instantaneous light; but it was very difficult to obtain a light on wood by that explosive material, and the idea occurred to me to put under the explosive mixture sulphur. I did that, and published it in my next lecture, and showed it. There was a young man in the room whose father was a chemist in London, and he immediately wrote to his father about it, and shortly afterward lucifer matches were issued to the world. I believe that was the first occasion that we had the present lucifer match, and it was one of those inventions that some people think ought not to be protected by a patent. I think that if all inventions were like that, or if we could distinguish one from the other, the principle might hold good. If all inventions were ascertained and carried out into practice with as much facility as in this case, no one would perhaps think of taking out a patent. I was urged to go and take out a patent immediately; but I thought it was so small a matter, and it cost me so little labor, that I did not think it proper to go and get a patent, otherwise I have no doubt it would have been very profitable."

HOW TO MAKE A TAILLESS KITE.

AS the kite season is now at its height, boys will be interested to know that a man in Rochester has succeeded in making a kite which dispenses with that troublesome adjustment, a tail. It is made after a Holland pattern, and the Rochester *Express* thus tells how to copy it: "The shape of the kite is what the boys call diamond. The cross-bar, which is a tall kite of the diamond pattern is straight, should be made of hickory and bowed by connecting the ends with a taut string. It should then be placed at right angles with the perpendicular stick and fastened securely, the bend of the bow being backward from the intersection of the sticks. Run a string around over the end of each stick and cover the frame with light tissue-paper. For a four-foot kite the perpendicular stick should extend three feet below the point of intersection with the bow and one foot above it. The bow should be one and one-half foot long on each side of the point of intersection with the perpendicular stick. The belly cord should be united at the point of intersection and at the same distance down the perpendicular stick, as the arms of the bow extend on each side of the perpendicular stick. The band is attached at only two points, the point of intersection and at a point below, in the four-foot kite mentioned, one and one-half feet below the point of intersection. Tie these two strings together and attach the captive cord, balancing it so that the captive cord shall be exactly opposite the point of intersection, or at right angles with the perpendicular stick frame. The face of the kite is then convex, and the back, of course, concave. If at first you don't succeed, try again. It is fun for all sorts of boys. This form of kite is something very eccentric, and as game as a wily fish."

"NOBODY ever sees an action as very wrong when under the excitement of doing it.

IN A DEN OF RATTLESNAKES.—STARTLING ADVENTURE OF A PARTY OF LADIES FROM A BOARDING-SCHOOL IN PENNSYLVANIA.